

RICHARD PETERS



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
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"My Wife's Bonnet," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. Modern costumes. Time 50 minutes, two interior scenes, three males and four female characters.

"Send Me Five Shillings," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. Modern costume. Time one hour. One interior scene. Five males and two female characters.

"Box and Cox," one act farce, by J. M. Morton. One bedroom scene. Time 45 minutes, modern costumes. Two male and one female characters.

"My Lord in Livery," one act farce, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes, time one hour, one interior scene, four males, three females.

"Snowball," comedy in three acts, by S. Grundy. Modern costume. Time two hours, one interior scene. Three female and four male characters.

"Jane," three acts, by Harry Nicholls. Modern costume. Time two hours. One interior scene. Five males and four females.

"A Box of Monkeys," two acts. Modern costume. One interior. Girls' Experience in New York. Time one and one-fourth hours.

"Op-o'-the-Thumb," one act drama, by Fenn and Pryce. Modern costumes. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior scenes. Five male and three female characters.

"Caste," comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Modern costume. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior scenes. Five male and three female characters.

"Sweet Lavender," drama in three acts, by A. W. Pinero. Modern costume. Time two and three-fourths hours. One interior scene. Seven male and four female characters.

"The Man from Maine," drama in five acts, by Charles Townsend. Modern costume. Time two and one-fourth hours. Nine male and three female characters.

"Uncle's Will," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Two male and one female characters.

"Golden Wedding," one act comedy, by Phillpotts and Groves. Modern costumes. Time forty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two males and one female.

"Kerry," one act French comedy, by D. Boucicault. Modern costumes. Time forty minutes. Interior scene. Four males and two females.

"Highland Legacy," one act drama, by B Thomas. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Five male and two female characters.

"Mrs. Hilary Regrets," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes. Time thirty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two male and one female characters.

"Sweethearts," comedy in two acts, by W. S. Gilbert. Modern costumes. Time fifty-five minutes. One exterior scene. Two female and two male characters.

"Our Boys," three act comedy, by H. J. Bryan. Modern costumes. Time two hours. Three interior scenes. Six male and four female characters.

"Scrap of Paper," comic drama in three acts, by J. P. Simpson. Modern costumes. Time two hours. Three interior scenes. Six male and six female characters.

"Confusion," comedy in three acts, by Derrick. Modern costumes. Time two hours. One interior scene throughout. Six male and four female characters.

"The Open Gate," one act, by C. H. Chambers. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. Half interior and half exterior scene. Two male and two female characters.

"A Clerical Error," one act comedy, by A. Jones. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. Three male and one female characters.

"A Happy Pair," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costume. Time forty minutes. One interior scene. One male and one female.

"Sympathetic Souls," one act comedy, by S. Grundy. Modern costume. Time thirty-five minutes. One interior scene. Two male and two female characters.

"Old Cronies," one act comedy, by S. T. Smith. Modern costumes. Time twenty-five minutes. One interior scene and two male characters.

"School," four act comedy, by T. W. Robertson. Modern costumes. Time two and three-fourths hours. Two interior and two exterior scenes. Six male and nine female characters.

"Captain Walrus," one act, by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr., and Moders. Time fifty minutes. Modern costumes. One male and two females.

"My Uncle from India," comedy in four acts, by H. Sander. Nine males and four female characters. Two interior and one exterior scenes. Time two and one-half hours. Modern costumes.

"Alabama," three act drama, by A. Thomas. Eight males and four females. Time two hours. Old-time costumes.

"One of the Eight," three act comedy, by Swartout. Time two and one-half hours. Ten male and four female characters. Modern college costumes. The following musical performances are suggested:

"Sylvia," operetta in two acts, by Rhys-Herbert, published by J. Fisher & Bro., 7-11 Bible House, New York.

"Pauline," operetta in two acts, by Charles H. Gabriel, published by Fillmore Bros., 528 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Nautical Knot," operetta in two acts, by Rhys-Herbert, published by J. Fisher & Bros., 7-11 Bible House, New York.

"Priscilla," comic opera in two acts, by Thomas W. Surette, published by Boston Music Co., Boston, Mass.

"Phyllis," operatic cantata in two parts, by George F. Root, published by John Church Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Ruth," a sacred cantata, by Alfred R. Gaul, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

"The Holy City," a sacred cantata, by Alfred R. Gaul, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill.

"Saul," a dramatic cantata, by Charles H. Gabriel, published by Fillmore Bros. Co., 421 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Daughter of Jairus," a sacred cantata, by John Stainer, published by Schirmer, New York.

Address wanted—I want to know the address of Charles Malan Radley, a native of Ireland, late of South Africa, believed to be now residing in one of the "Mormon" settlements. The inquirer is his brother, James H. Radley, address, Silver City, Juab County, Utah, late of Rosedale road, Birkenhead, Cheshire, England.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Frank A. Brinton, Coalville, Utah, January 1, writes: "The 'Era' is part of my family life."

Elder Vernon J. Clark, writing from South Bend, Indiana, says: "I take great pleasure in reading the 'Era.' It is a great help to the elders."

The Utah Savings and Trust Co., a good place to do banking business, by the by, has issued a beautiful calendar for 1912, with a first class large picture of the battleship "Utah," plowing the deep waters.

Elder Vance D. Walker, writing from Norwich, England, says: "All the elders laboring in this conference thank the promoters of the 'Era' for this periodical. It is indeed a great aid in missionary work—a missionary in itself."

H. M. Whitaker, president of the Georgia conference, writes, December 12: "The 'Improvement Era' is a very welcome visitor to the elders in the field. For a good, clean, wholesome and instructive magazine, I think it is unequaled."

IMPROVEMENT ERA, FEBRUARY, 1912.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM WITH MANUAL FREE.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, } Editors HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager
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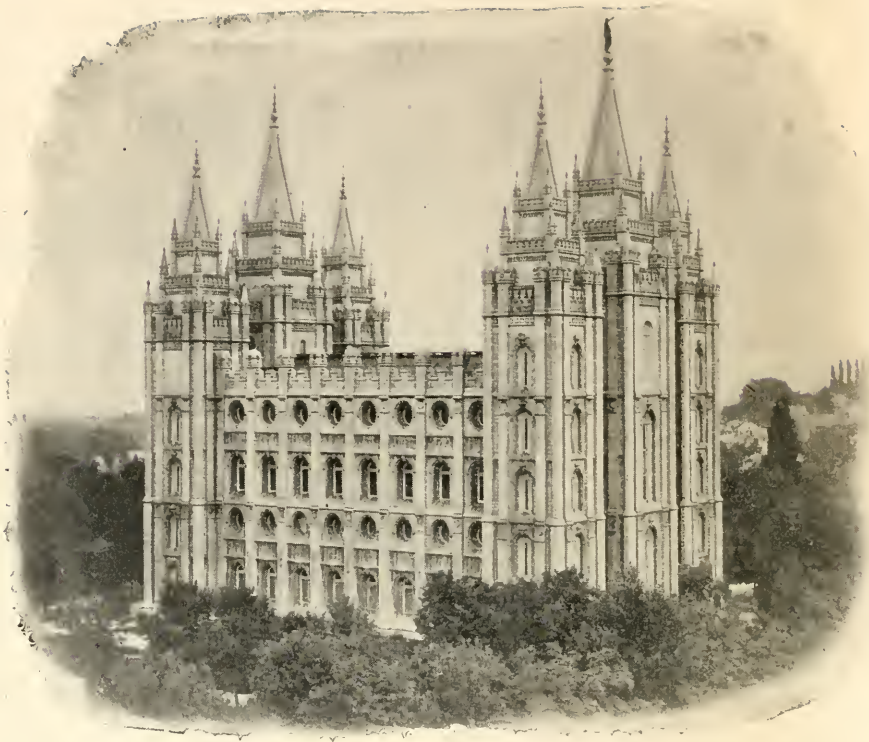
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“The House of the Lord”

Announcement has already been made by the First Presidency of the Church to the effect that a book dealing with the subject of temples and temple work is now in course of preparation and will shortly be published. The book will appear under the expressive title, *The House of the Lord*, and the author of the forthcoming volume is Dr. James E. Talmage. The work will deal with the temple-building spirit as characteristic of the Church of Christ, and with the temples of historic interest in former ages, as also with those of the present dispensation. A detailed description of the great Temple in Salt Lake City will be a prominent feature of the book, and this description will be illustrated by approximately fifty full-page plates, showing in fine photogravure every room in the great structure. There will be also illustrations of other existing temples, and reproductions of the best and most reliable pictures of the temples of old. It is intended that the work shall be published in the best style possible, including pictures of the highest order. The letterpress matter will probably range from 150 to 200 pages. We are very fortunate in being permitted to present to our readers the first chapter of this important work. This chapter is in the nature of a pre-view of the entire subject, the several topics of which will be taken up and treated at length in their proper places in the body of the work.

The illustrations presented in connection with this article are selected from among numerous photographs already prepared for use in the forthcoming book, *The House of the Lord*. The photographs were made by Ralph Savage, of the C. R. Savage Company, Salt Lake City, and every picture is excellent. The brief description printed in connection with each picture is taken from a later chapter in Dr. Talmage's book, which chapter deals at length with the interior of the great Temple.

The plates, copyrighted by President Joseph F. Smith, 1911, for the Church, are loaned to the *Era* by courtesy of Benjamin Goddard, of the Bureau of Information, publishers of *A Description of the Great Temple*, by D. M. McAllister.—THE EDITORS.



THE GREAT TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

On the principal Inscription Stone, which is set above the windows in the center tower at the east end, appears the following in deeply graven letters faced with gold:

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

The House of the Lord, built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Commenced April 6, 1853. Completed April 6, 1893.

In one of the upper rooms there is a splendid art window which presents a picture of the completed building, with side inscriptions as follows:

Corner Stone laid April 6, 1853,
by President Brigham Young, As-
sisted by his Counsellors, Heber
C. Kimball, Willard Richards.

Dedicated April 6, 1893, by Presi-
dent Wilford Woodruff, Assisted
by his Counsellors, George Q.
Cannon, Joseph F. Smith.

These memorial tablets in stone and jeweled glass give in succinct form the essentials as to dates in the history of the great Temple.

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1912

No. 4

“The House of the Lord”

Temples, Ancient and Modern*

BY ELDER JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE QUORUM OF THE
TWELVE APOSTLES

Both by derivation and common usage the term “temple,” in its literal application, is of restricted and specific meaning. The essential idea of a temple is and ever has been that of a place specially set apart for service regarded as sacred, and of real or assumed sanctity.

The Latin *Templum* was the equivalent of the Hebrew *Beth Elohim*, and signified the abode of a deity; hence, as associated with divine worship, it meant literally the *House of the Lord*.**

Structures inclosing sanctuaries, temples, as the term is technically applied, have been erected alike by worshippers of idols and by the followers of the true and living God. The numerous heathen temples of antiquity were regarded as abiding places of the mythical gods and goddesses whose names they bore, and to whose service the structures were dedicated. While the outer purlieus of such temples were used as places of general assembly and public ceremony, there were always inner precincts, into which only the consecrated priests might enter, and wherein, it was claimed, the presence of the deity was manifest. The altar of pagan worship stood not within the temple proper, but in front of the entrance. The temple, considered as an institution, and as the material embodiment of a principle, has never been regarded as a place of ordinary and public assembly, but as a sacred en-

*Copyright, 1912, by James E. Talmage.

**Consider in this connection the significance of the name “Bethel”—a contraction of “Beth Elohim”—as applied by Jacob to the place where the Lord was manifest to him. Said he, “Surely the Lord is in this place * * * And he called the name of that place ‘Bethel.’” (Gen. 28: 10-19.)

closure devoted to the most solemn rites and ceremonies of that particular system of worship, idolatrous or Divine, of which the temple stood as visible symbol and material type.

The people of Israel were of old distinguished among nations as the builders of temples to the living God; and this service was specifically required of them by Jehovah, whom they professed to serve. Israel's history as a nation dates from the exodus. During the two centuries of their enslavement in Egypt, the children of Jacob had grown to be a numerous and a powerful people; nevertheless they were in bondage. In due time, however, their sorrows and supplication came up before the Lord, and he led them forth with the outstretched arm of power. No sooner had they escaped from the environment of Egyptian idolatry, than they were required to prepare a sanctuary, wherein Jehovah would manifest His presence and authority. Note the requirement:

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying. Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring me an offering: of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them; gold, and silver, and brass, And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair, And rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood, Oil for the light, spices for anointing oil, and for sweet incense, Onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it.*

It may be inferred, and indeed there is good reason for believing, that during their period of bondage the children of Israel had raised some structure of pre-eminent sacredness, and that in their hurried departure from Egypt they carried with them at least the essential parts of that sanctuary.

We read that prior to the construction of the tabernacle, and indeed at the very beginning of their journey into the wilderness, the people had a certain depository for sacred things, known as the "Testimony." This is definitely mentioned in connection with the following incident. Under divine direction a vessel of manna was to be preserved, lest the people should forget the power and goodness of God, by which they had been fed:

And Moses said, This is the thing which the Lord commandeth, Fill an omer of it to be kept for your generations; that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness, when I brought you forth from the land of Egypt. And Moses said unto Aaron. Take a pot, and put an omer full of manna therein, and lay it up before

*Exo. 25:1-9.

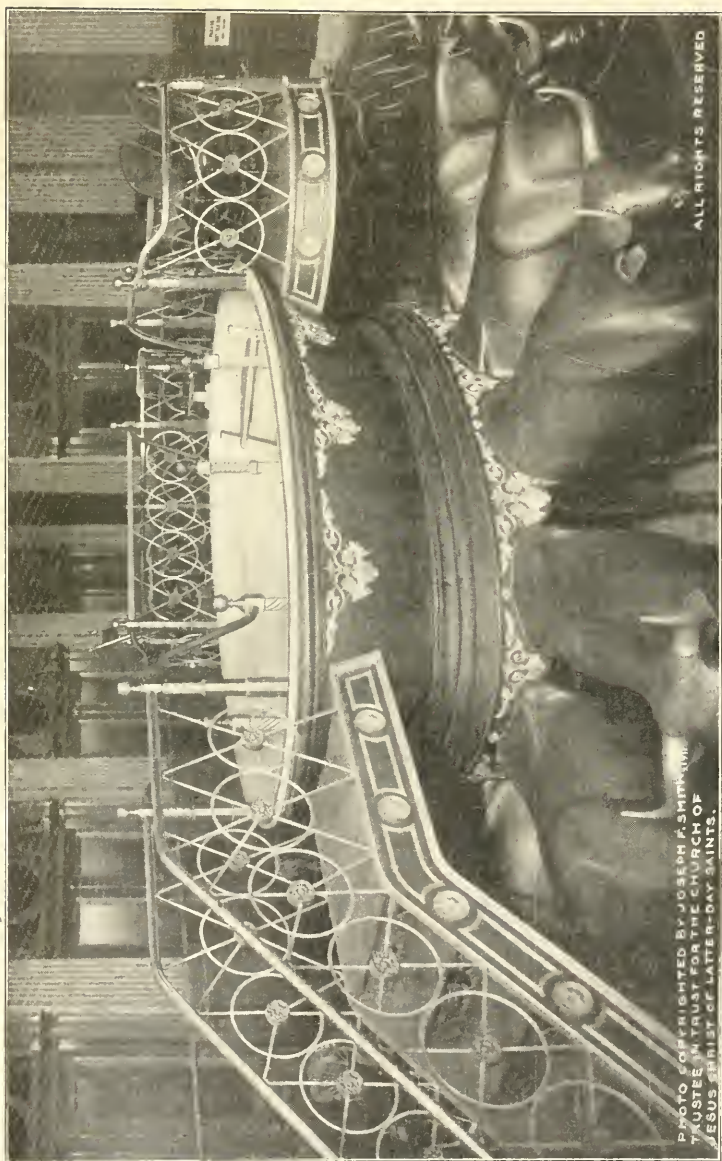


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THE BAPTISMAL FONT

This is situated on the first, or basement floor, in the Baptistery, a room thirty-two by forty-five feet, floored in white marble. The font rests upon twelve life-sized oxen of cast iron, with gilded bodies and silvered horns. The oxen stand in a well three feet lower than the main floor. The font is elliptical, with major and minor axes ten and six feet respectively, and four feet deep. It is reached by a flight of seven steps at each end, and in addition five inside steps provide for descent into the font. On one side is the recorder's table, and on the opposite side are seats for the two witnesses whose presence is essential at every baptism performed in behalf of the dead.

the Lord, to be kept for your generations. As the Lord commanded Moses, so Aaron laid it up before the Testimony, to be kept.*

There appears little room for doubt that the "Testimony" here referred to was a material structure regarded as a sanctuary, and that its name is suggestive of divine witness as to its sacred character. Inasmuch as the account of the exodus contains no mention of the preparation of such a structure, and moreover as its existence and use were definitely affirmed before the people had had time or opportunity to shape it in the wilderness, it would seem that they must have brought the sacred "Testimony" with them from Egypt. This incident is of interest and importance as indicating the existence of a holy sanctuary during the formative stages of Israel's growth as a nation, and while the people were in subjection to idolatrous rulers. History makes plain the fact that the Lord's covenant people have always recognized the need of sanctuaries or temples sacred to His name.

The Tabernacle of the Congregation, constructed in accordance with a revealed plan and specifications, was a portable structure, such as the exigencies of migration required. It was little more than a tent, indeed, though made of the best, most prized, and costliest materials the people possessed. This condition of excellence was most appropriate and fitting, for the finished structure was a nation's offering unto the Lord. Its construction was prescribed in minutest detail, both as to design and material; it was in every respect the best the people could give, and Jehovah sanctified the proffered gift by His divine acceptance. In passing, let us be mindful of the fact that whether it be the gift of a man or a nation, the best, if offered willingly and with pure intent, is always excellent in the sight of God, however poor by other comparison that best may be.

To the call for material wherewith to build the Tabernacle, there was such willing and liberal response that the need was more than met: "For the stuff that they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much."** Proclamation was made accordingly, and the people were restrained from bringing more. The artificers and workmen engaged in the labor of construction were designated by direct revelation, or chosen by divinely ap-

*Exo. 16:32-34.

**Exo. 36:7.

pointed authority with special reference to their skill and devotion.

The completed Tabernacle was a rich and costly fabric. Its frames were of rare woods, its inner hangings of fine linen, elaborately embroidered with prescribed designs in blue, purple, and scarlet; its middle and outer curtains of choice skins; its metal parts of brass, silver, and gold.

Within the tabernacle enclosure, and surrounding the main structure, was a court, in which stood the altar of sacrifice, and the laver or font. The first apartment of the Tabernacle proper was an outer room, or Holy Place; and beyond this, screened from observation by the second vail, was the inner sanctuary, the Holiest Place, specifically known as the Holy of Holies. In the appointed order, only the priests were permitted to enter the outer apartment; while to the inner place, the "holiest of all," none but the high priest might be admitted, and he but once a year, and then only after a long course of purification and sanctification.*

Among the most sacred appurtenances of the Tabernacle was the Ark of the Covenant. This was a casket or chest, made of the best wood obtainable, lined and overlaid with pure gold, and provided with four rings of gold to receive the rods or poles used in carrying the ark during travel. The ark contained certain objects of sacred import, such as the golden pot of manna, preserved as a remembrance; and to this were afterward added Aaron's rod that budded, and the tablets of stone inscribed by the hand of God. When the tabernacle was set up in the camp of Israel, the Ark was placed within the inner vail, in the Holy of Holies.

Resting upon the ark was the Mercy Seat, surmounted by a pair of cherubims, made of beaten gold. From this seat did the Lord manifest His presence, even as promised before either Ark or Tabernacle had been made:

And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.**

No detailed description of the Tabernacle, its appurtenances or furniture, will be attempted at this place; it is sufficient for our present purpose to know that the camp of Israel had such a

*Heb. 9:1-7.

**Exo. 25:22.

sanctuary; that it was constructed according to revealed plan as the people's offering to their God, and that it was duly accepted by Him;* that it was the embodiment of the best they could give both as to material and workmanship; and that in all essential particulars the Tabernacle of the Congregation was a prototype of the more stable and magnificent Temple by which in course of time it was superseded.

When Israel had become established in the land of promise, when, after four decades of wandering in the wilderness, the covenant people possessed at last a Canaan of their own, the Tabernacle of the Congregation, with all its sacred contents, was given a resting place in Shiloh; and thither came the tribes to learn the will and word of God.** Afterward it was removed to Gibeon*** and yet later to the City of David, or Zion.†

In process of time the Israelites grew weary of the theocratic government under which they had lived and prospered, and they clamored for a king. David, the second king of Israel, desired and planned to build a house unto the Lord, declaring that it was unfit that he, the king, should dwell in a palace of cedar, while the sanctuary of God was but a tent.‡ But the Lord spake by the mouth of Nathan the prophet, declining the proposed offering, and making plain the fact that to be acceptable unto him it was not enough that the gift be appropriate, but that the giver must also be worthy. David, king of Israel, though in many respects a man after God's own heart, had sinned; and his sin had not yet found atonement. Thus spake the king: "I had in mine heart to build an house of rest for the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and for the footstool of our God, and had made ready for the building: But God said unto me, Thou shalt not build an house for my name, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood."|| Nevertheless, David was permitted to gather the material for the House of the Lord, which edifice not he, but Solomon, his son, should build.

Soon after Solomon's accession to the throne he set about the labor, which, as heritage and honor, had come to him with his crown. He laid the foundation in the fourth year of his reign,

*Exo. 40:34-38.

**Josh. 18:1; see also 19:51; 21:2; Judges 18:31; I Sam. 1:3, 24; 4:3, 4.

***I Chron. 21:29; II Chron. 1:3.

†II Sam. 6:12; II Chron. 5:2.

‡II Sam. 7:2.

||I Chron. 28:2, 2; compare II Sam. 7:1-13.

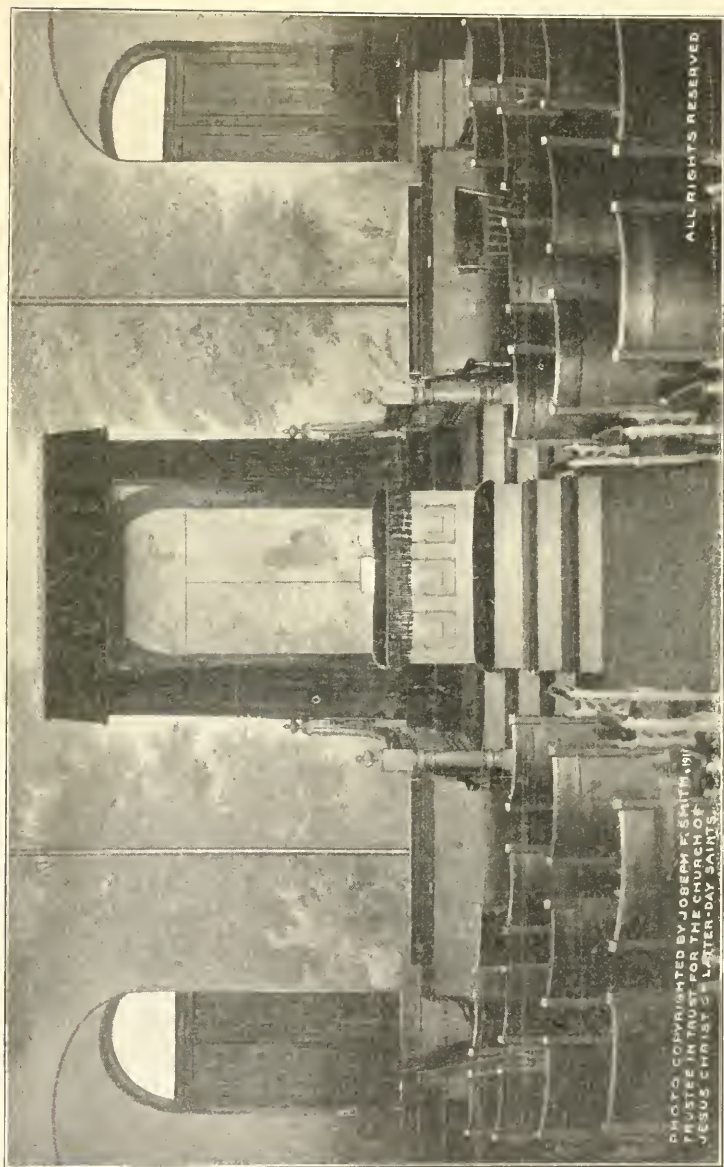


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ALTAR IN ONE OF THE CEREMONIAL ROOMS

This room is situated on the first floor, and in all its appointments is most beautiful. Ceiling and walls are embellished with oil paintings, the former representing clouds and sky, with sun and moon and stars; the latter showing landscape scenes of rare beauty. There are sylvan grottoes and mossy dells, lakelets and brooks, trees and flowers, insects, birds, and beasts, in short, the earth beautiful—as it was before the Fall. The altar is upholstered in velvet, and on it rests the Holy Bible. On either side of the altar is a large door opening into a conservatory of living plants.

and the building was completed within seven years. With the great wealth accumulated by his kingly father and specifically reserved for the building of the Temple, Solomon was able to put the known world under tribute, and to enlist the co-operation of nations in his great undertaking. The temple workmen numbered scores of thousands, and every department was in charge of master craftsmen. To serve on the great structure in any capacity was an honor; and labor acquired a dignity never before recognized. Masonry became a profession, and the graded orders therein established have endured until this day. The erection of the Temple of Solomon was an epoch-making event, not alone in the history of Israel, but in that of the world.

According to commonly accepted chronology, the Temple was finished in the year 1005 B. C. In architecture and construction, in design and costliness, it is known as one of the most remarkable buildings of history. The dedicatory services lasted seven days—a week of holy rejoicing in Israel. With imposing ceremony, the Tabernacle of the Congregation, including the sacred Ark of the Covenant, was brought into the Temple; and the Ark was deposited in the inner sanctuary, the Holy of Holies. The Lord's gracious acceptance was manifest in the cloud that filled the sacred chambers as the priests withdrew: "So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God."* Thus did the Temple supersede and include the Tabernacle, of which, indeed, it was a gorgeous counterpart.

A comparison of the plan of Solomon's Temple with that of the earlier Tabernacle shows that in all essentials of arrangement and proportion the two were so nearly alike as to be practically identical. True, the Tabernacle had but one enclosure, and that only one hundred and eighty feet by ninety feet, while the Temple was surrounded by three courts, the outer wall being half a mile in circuit; but the inner structure itself, the Temple proper, closely followed the earlier design. The dimensions of the Holy of Holies, the Holy Place, and the porch, were in the Temple exactly double those of the corresponding parts in the Tabernacle.

The glorious pre-eminence of this splendid structure was of brief duration. Thirty-four years after its dedication, and but

*II Chron. 5:14; see also 71:2, and compare Exo. 40:35.

five years subsequent to the death of Solomon, its decline began; and this decline was soon to become an actual spoliation, if not indeed a virtual desecration. Solomon the king, the man of wisdom, the master-builder, had been led astray by the wiles of idolatrous women, and his wayward ways had fostered iniquity in Israel. The nation was no longer a unit; there were factions and sects, parties and creeds, some worshipping on the hill-tops, others under green trees, each party claiming pre-eminence for its own particular shrine.

The gift had been depreciated by the perfidy of the giver, and Jehovah withdrew his protecting presence from the Temple. The Egyptians, from whose bondage the people had been delivered, were again permitted to oppress Israel. Shishak, king of Egypt, captured Jerusalem—the city of David and the site of the Holy Temple—"and he took away the treasures of the house of the Lord."* The Temple passed into the possession of pagans, and when Rehoboam, the king, attempted to enter the sacred precincts, he was debarred.** Shishak and his hosts carried away the treasures of the once holy house; the glorious Temple was largely despoiled. Jehovah, whose house it was, relinquished the gift when the love of the giver had waned. Part of the sacred furniture left by the Egyptians was taken by others, and by them bestowed upon idols.*** The work of desecration continued through centuries. Two hundred and sixteen years after the Egyptian spoliation, Ahaz, king of Judah, robbed the Temple of some remaining treasures, and sent part of its remnant of gold and silver as a present to a pagan king whose favor he sought to gain. Furthermore, he removed the altar and the font, and left but a house where once had stood a Temple.† Later, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, completed the despoiling of the Temple, and carried away the few remaining treasures. He then destroyed the building itself by fire.‡

Thus, about six hundred years before the earthly advent of our Lord, Israel was left without a temple. The people had divided; there were two kingdoms—Israel and Judah—each at enmity with the other; they had become idolatrous and altogether

*I Kings 14:25, 26.

**I Kings 14:27, 28.

***II Chron. 24:7.

†II Kings 15:7-9; see also II Chron. 28:24, 25.

‡II Chron. 36:18, 19; see also II Kings 24:13; 25:9.

wicked; the Lord had rejected them and their sanctuary. The Kingdom of Israel, comprising approximately ten of the twelve tribes, had been made subject to Assyria about 721 B. C., and a century later the Kingdom of Judah was subdued by the Babylonians. For seventy years the people of Judah—thereafter known as Jews—remained in captivity, even as had been predicted.* Then, under the friendly rule of Cyrus** and Darius*** they were permitted to return to Jerusalem, and once more to establish a Temple in accordance with their faith. In remembrance of the director of the work, the restored Temple is known in history as the Temple of Zerubbabel. The foundations were laid with solemn ceremony; and on that occasion living veterans who remembered the earlier Temple, wept with joy.† In spite of legal technicalities‡ and other obstructions, the work continued, and within twenty years after their return from captivity the Jews had a Temple ready for dedication. The Temple of Zerubbabel was finished 515 B. C., specifically on the third day of the month of Adar, in the sixth year of the reign of Darius the king. The dedicatory services followed immediately.|| While this temple was greatly inferior to the splendid Temple of Solomon, it was nevertheless the best a despoiled and captive people could build, and the Lord accepted it as an offering typifying the love and devotion of his covenant children. In proof of this divine acceptance, witness the ministrations of such prophets as Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, within its walls.

In many respects the Temple of Zerubbabel was inferior to its splendid prototype—the Temple of Solomon; and in certain particulars, indeed, it ranked lower than the ancient Tabernacle of the Congregation—sacred to the nomadic tribes. Critical scholars specify the following features characteristic of the Temple of Solomon and lacking in the Temple of Zerubbabel: (1) the Ark of the Covenant; (2) the sacred fire; (3) the Shekinah, or glory of the Lord, manifested of old as the Divine Presence; (4) the Urim and Thummim, by which Jehovah made plain His will to the priests of the Aaronic order; (5) the genius or spirit of

*Jer. 25:11, 12; 29:10.

**Ezra, chaps. 1 and 2.

***Ezra, chap. 6.

†Ezra 3:12, 13.

‡Ezra 4:4-24.

||Ezra 6:15-22.

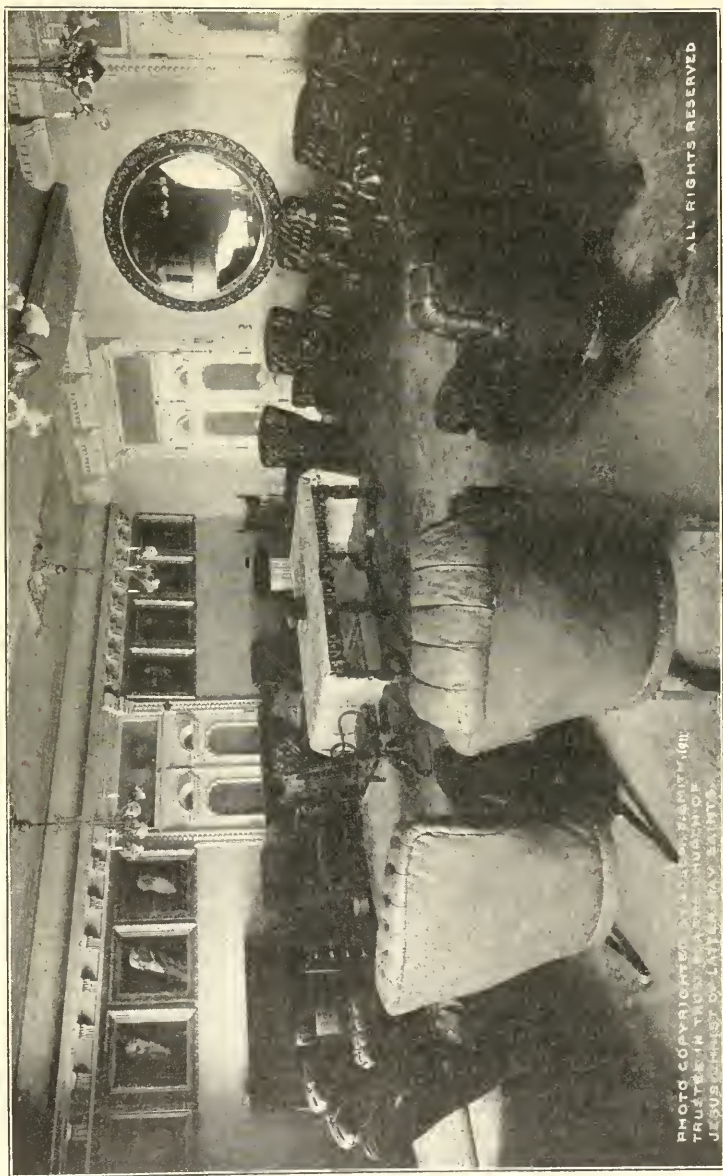


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COUNCIL ROOM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

This room is on the third floor of the Temple. It is twenty-eight feet square and is lighted by two large oval windows on the south side. The room is furnished with twelve oaken chairs, upholstered in leather; a chair for the recorder, a desk, a table, and an altar. On the walls are seen oil portraits of latter-day apostles and other Church authorities, living and dead. A large circular mirror of the highest finish and brilliancy occupies the central wall space on the south side.

prophecy, indicative of the closest communion between mortals and their God. In spite of these deficiencies the Temple of Zerubabel was recognized of God, and was undoubtedly the site or seat of divine revelations to duly constituted prophets.

In the year 37 B. C., Herod, known in history as Herod the Great, ascended the throne as King of the Jews. Possibly with intent to gain favor with the Jews, though perhaps with sincere and devoted purpose, he resolved to restore and practically reconstruct the decayed and generally ruinous Temple of Zerubabel. For five centuries that structure had stood, and doubtless it was then a wreck of time. Herod began the reconstruction about sixteen years before the birth of Christ. The work continued through practically one decade, in the course of which eighteen thousand workmen were employed. During the earthly ministry of our Lord,* the work progressed, but history fails to affirm that the great structure was ever finished. Certain it is that our Lord Jesus, while living as a man among men, recognized and acknowledged the Temple, as the one and only sanctuary of the Most High. Twice he strove by forcible means to cleanse the Temple and to clear its sacred precincts from commercial pollution.**

It is evident from scripture that while opposed to the degraded and commercial ends to which the Temple had been betrayed, Christ recognized and acknowledged the sanctity of the Temple precincts. The Temple of Herod was a sacred structure; by whatsoever name it might have been known, it was to Him the House of the Lord. And then, when the sable curtain descended upon the great tragedy of Calvary, when at last the agonizing cry, "It is finished," ascended from the Cross, the veil of the Temple was rent, and the one-time Holy of Holies was bared to public gaze. The absolute destruction of the Temple had been foretold by our Lord, while yet He lived in the flesh.† In the year 70 A. D. the Temple was utterly destroyed by fire in connection with the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans under Titus.

We have no record of temples on the eastern hemisphere in the apostolic age. During that period the Church of Christ seems to have been without a central seat. As the great apostasy pro-

*See John 2:20.

**Matt. 21:12-17; Mark 11:15-19; Luke 19:45-48. Compare an earlier cleansing of the Temple, John 2:14-17.

†Matt. 24:2; Mark 13:2; Luke 21:6.

gressed, even the conception or idea of a temple seems to have been lost among men. For many centuries no offer of a temple was made unto the Lord; indeed, it appears that no necessity of a temple was recognized. The apostate church declared that direct communication from God had ceased, and the self-constituted government claimed supreme power. It is evident that, as far as the Church was concerned, the voice of the Lord had been silenced; that the people were no longer willing to listen to the word of revelation, and that the government of the Church had been abrogated by human agencies.*

When, in the reign of Constantine, a perverted Christianity became the religion of state, the need of a place wherein God could reveal Himself was still utterly unseen or ignored. True, many edifices, most of them costly and imposing, were erected. These were dedicated to Peter and Paul, to James and John, to the Magdalene and the Virgin, but not one was raised by authority and name to the honor of Jesus, the Christ. Among the multitude of chapels and shrines, of churches and cathedrals, the Son of Man had not a place He could call His own. It was declared that the Pope, sitting in Rome, was the vicegerent of Christ, and that without revelation he was empowered to declare the will of God.**

Not until the Gospel was restored in the nineteenth century, with its ancient powers and privileges, was the Priesthood manifest again among men. The Priesthood is essential to a Temple, and a Temple is void without its sacred authority.

In the year of our Lord 1820, Joseph Smith, the prophet of the latest dispensation, then a lad in his fifteenth year, received a divine manifestation,*** in which both the Eternal Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, appeared and instructed the youthful suppliant. Through Joseph Smith, the Gospel of old was restored to earth, and the ancient law was re-established. In course of time, through the ministry of the chosen prophet, the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" was organized, and its establishment was marked by manifestations of divine power.†

It is a significant fact that the Church of Jesus Christ of

*See the author's "The Great Apostasy."

**See the author's "The Great Apostasy," chap. X.

***See the author's "The Articles of Faith." Lecture 1, and references thereto.

†See the author's "The Articles of Faith," specifically Lecture 1, and notes thereon.

Latter-day Saints, true to the distinction it affirms—that of being the Church of the living God, as its name proclaims—began in the very early days of its history to provide for the erection of a Temple.* The Church was organized as an earthly body-corporate on the sixth of April, A. D. 1830; and, in July of the year following, a revelation was received designating the site of a future temple near Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. The construction of a temple on this chosen spot is yet delayed, as is also the case with another temple-site in Far West, Missouri,** on which the corner stones were laid in 1838.

The Church holds as a sacred trust the commission to build the temples so located, but as yet the way has not been opened for the consummation of the plan. In the meantime temples in other places have been reared, and already the modern dispensation is marked by the erection of six such sacred edifices. On the first day of June, 1833, in a revelation to the prophet Joseph Smith, the Lord directed the immediate building of a holy house, in which He promised to endow His chosen servants with power and authority.*** The people responded to the call with willingness and devotion. In spite of dire poverty and unrelenting persecution, the work was carried to completion, and in March, 1836, the first Temple of modern times was dedicated at Kirtland, Ohio.† The dedicatory services were marked by divine manifestations comparable to those attending the offering of the great Temple of olden times; and on later occasions heavenly beings appeared within the sacred precincts with revelations of the Divine will to man. In that place the Lord Jesus was again seen and heard.‡

Within two years from the time of its dedication the Kirtland Temple was abandoned by the people who built it; they were forced to flee because of mobocratic violence, and with their departure the sacred Temple became an ordinary house, disowned of the Lord to whose name it had been reared. The building still stands and is used as a meeting-house by a small and comparatively unknown sect.

The migration of the Latter-day Saints was to the west; and they established themselves first in Missouri, and later in Illinois

*See Doctrine and Covenants 36:8; 42:36; 133:2.

**See Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 20.

***Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 95.

†See Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 109.

‡See Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 90.

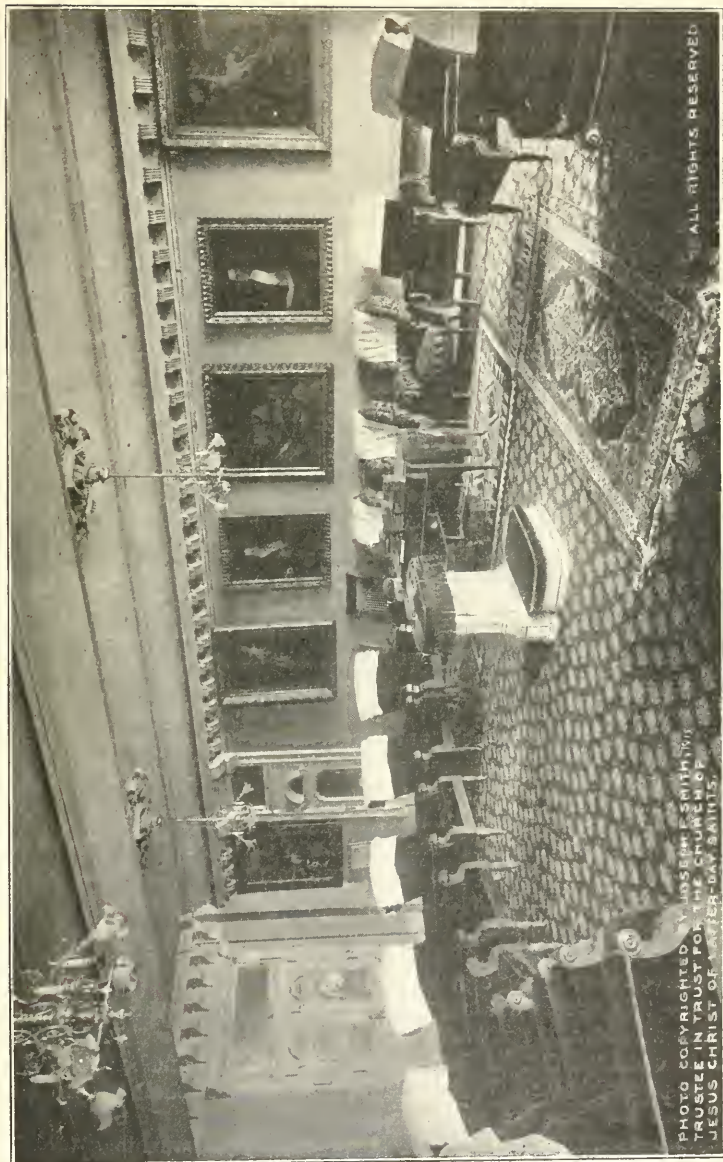


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COUNCIL ROOM OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY AND THE TWELVE APOSTLES

This is situated on the third floor and occupies an area of forty by twenty-eight feet. In the center is a prayer altar of white wood, upholstered in crimson velvet. Twelve large oaken chairs finished in plush are arranged in three quadrants of a circle around the altar. The other quadrant is occupied by a table, behind which are three chairs of a kind, for the three presiding high priests who constitute the First Presidency of the Church, and another chair for the Presiding Patriarch.

with Nauvoo as the central seat of the Church. Scarcely had they become settled in their new abode when the voice of revelation was heard calling upon the people to again build a house sacred to the name of God. Thus spake the Lord:

And again, verily I say unto you, Let all my Saints come from afar;

And send ye swift messengers, yea chosen messengers, and say unto them: come ye, with all your gold, and your silver, and your precious stones, and with all your antiquities; and with all who have knowledge of antiquities, that will come, may come, and bring the box tree, and the fir tree, and the pine tree, together with all the precious trees of the earth;

And with iron, with copper, and with brass, and with zinc, and with all your precious things of the earth, and build a house to my name, for the Most High to dwell therein;

For there is not a place found on earth that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fulness of the Priesthood;

For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my Saints, may be baptized for those who are dead;

For this ordinance belongeth to my house, and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me.

But I command you, all ye my Saints, to build a house unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms shall be acceptable unto me.

But behold, at the end of this appointment, your baptisms for your dead shall not be acceptable unto me; and if you do not these things at the end of the appointment, ye shall be rejected as a church, with your dead, saith the Lord your God.

For verily I say unto you, that after you have had sufficient time to build a house to me, wherein the ordinance of baptizing for the dead belongeth, and for which the same was instituted from before the foundation of the world, your baptisms for your dead cannot be acceptable unto me.

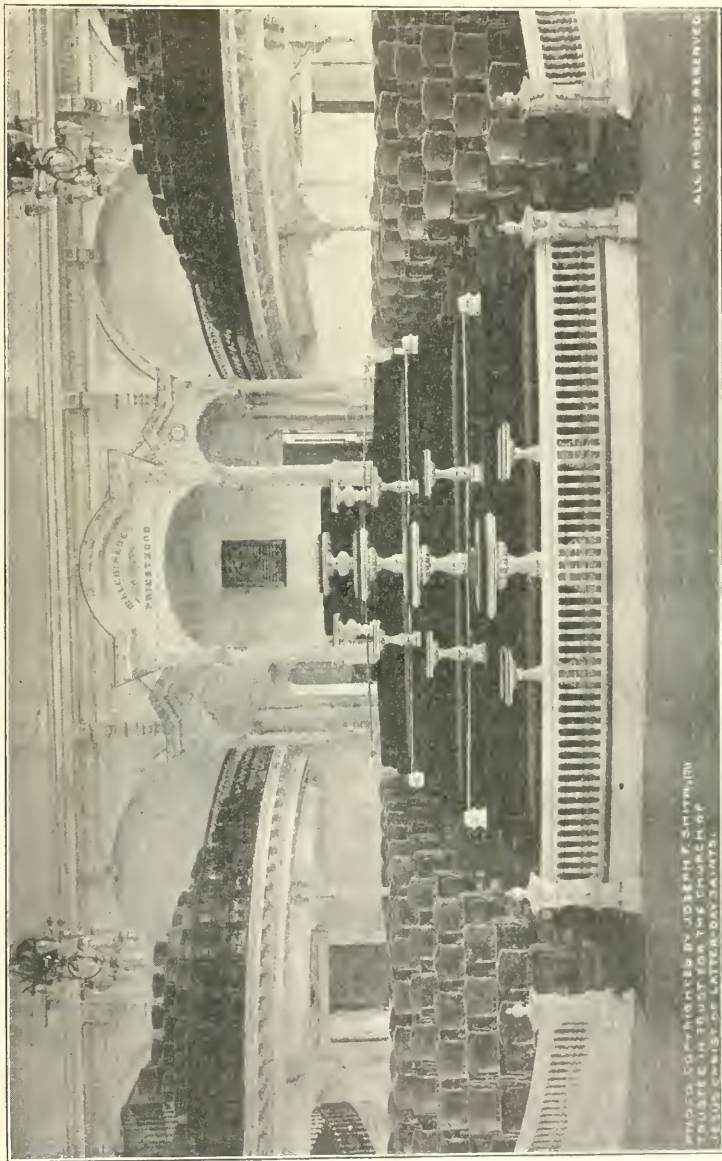
For therein are the keys of the holy Priesthood, ordained that you may receive honor and glory.

And after this time, your baptisms for the dead, by those who are scattered abroad, are not acceptable unto me saith the Lord;

For it is ordained that in Zion, and in her stakes, and in Jerusalem, those places which I have appointed for refuge, shall be the places for your baptisms for your dead.

And again, verily I say unto you, How shall your washings be acceptable unto me, except ye perform them in a house which you have built to my name?

For, for this cause I commanded Moses that he should build a tabernacle, that they should bear it with them in the wilderness, and



STAND RESERVED FOR THE MELCHISEDEC PRIESTHOOD AT THE EAST END OF THE MAIN ASSEMBLY ROOM

This room, with its vestries, ante-rooms and corridors, occupies the entire space on the fourth floor. The large room is one hundred and twenty by eighty feet in area and thirty-six feet in height. A commodious gallery extends along both sides, and but for the space occupied by the stands, includes the ends also. At either end of this great auditorium is a large stand—a terraced platform—a multiple series of pulpits, each a masterpiece of construction. The east stand is reserved for the presiding officers of the higher or Melchisedec Priesthood, and that at the west end is allotted to the authorities of the lesser or Aaronic Priesthood. This great room is finished in white and gold.

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to build a house in the land of promise, that those ordinances might be revealed which had been hid from before the world was;

Therefore, verily I say unto you, that your anointings, and your washings, and your baptisms for the dead, and your solemn assemblies, and your memorials for your sacrifices, by the sons of Levi, and for your oracles in your most holy places, wherein you receive conversations, and your statutes and judgments, for the beginning of the revelations and foundation of Zion, and for the glory, honor, and endowment of all her municipalities, are ordained by the ordinance of my holy house which my people are always commanded to build unto my holy name.

And verily I say unto you, Let this house be built unto my name, that I may reveal mine ordinances therein, unto my people;

For I deign to reveal unto my church, things which have been kept hid from before the foundation of the world, things that pertain to the dispensation of the fulness of times.*

The corner stones of the Nauvoo Temple were laid April 6, 1841, and the capstone was placed in position May 24, 1845, each event being celebrated by a solemn assembly and sacred service. Though it was evident that the people would be forced to flee again, and though all knew that the Temple would have to be abandoned soon after completion, they labored with might and diligence to finish and properly furnish the structure. It was dedicated April 30, 1846, though certain portions, such as the baptistry, had been previously dedicated and used in sacred ordinance work. The dedication of the completed structure was semi-private, owing to impending persecution; dedicatory services of a public nature followed, however. Many of the Saints received their blessings and holy endowments in the Nauvoo Temple, though even before the completion of the building the exodus of the people had begun. The sacred structure was soon abandoned by those who in poverty and by sacrifice had reared it. In November, 1848, it fell a prey to incendiary flames, and in May, 1850, a tornado demolished what remained of the blackened walls.

On the 24th of July, 1847, the "Mormon" pioneers entered the valleys of Utah, while yet the region was Mexican territory, and established a settlement where now stands Salt Lake City. Four days later Brigham Young, prophet and leader, indicated a site in the sagebrush wastes, and, striking the arid ground with his staff, proclaimed, "Here will be the Temple of our God." That

*Doctrine and Covenants 124:25-41; consider the entire section.



SPIRAL STAIRCASE IN MAIN ASSEMBLY ROOM

A staircase of this kind occupies each of the four corners of the large assembly room, extending from the main floor to the gallery. These are of interest as showing that all parts of the great Temple are finished with equal care, though, of course, some are more elaborate than others. It would seem, indeed, that the builders had taken to heart the poet's lesson:

"In the elder days of art
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere."

site is now the beautiful Temple block, around which the city has grown. In February, 1853, the Temple block was dedicated with sacred service, and on the sixth of April following, the corner stones of the building were laid to the accompaniment of solemn and imposing ceremony. The Salt Lake City Temple was forty years in building. The capstone was laid on the sixth of April, 1892, and the completed Temple was dedicated one year later.

Of the four temples already erected in Utah, the one in Salt Lake City was first begun and the last finished. During its course of construction three other temples were built by the Latter-day Saints, one at St. George, one at Logan, and one at Manti, Utah. Add to these the two earlier temples—at Kirtland, Ohio, and at Nauvoo, Illinois—and we have six of these sacred structures already erected in the present and last dispensation of the Priesthood—the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

It is not in line with the purposes of the present chapter to consider in detail any particular temple, either ancient or modern; the writer's object has been to show the essential and distinguishing features of temples, and to make plain the fact that the covenant people have regarded the building of temples as a labor specifically required at their hands. From what has been said it is plain that a temple is more than chapel or church, more than synagogue or cathedral; it is a structure erected as the House of the Lord, sacred to the closest communion between the Lord himself and the Holy Priesthood, which constitutes the earthly embodiment of Divine authority, and devoted to the highest and most sacred rites and ceremonies characteristic of the age or dispensation to which the particular temple belongs. Moreover, to be indeed a holy temple—accepted of God, and by Him acknowledged as His house—the offering must have been called for, and both gift and giver must be worthy. Furthermore, the design of the temple must have been divinely revealed.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints proclaims that it is the possessor of the Holy Priesthood again restored to earth, and that it is invested with divine commission to erect and maintain temples—holy temples, dedicated to the name and service of the true and living God, and to administer within those sacred structures the ordinances of the Priesthood, the effect of which shall be binding both on earth and beyond the grave.

The Pharisee and the Publican

BY JUDGE HENRY H. ROLAPP

The most unique features of the parables of Christ are their finished brevity, and their fitting application to ever present conditions. Nowhere else in literature do so few words at once tell an easily remembered story, and at the same time so lastingly impress an always needed moral. No other stories so aptly reveal the constant sameness of human situations among all generations and in all climes. No other narrative so readily changes history of past events into reflections upon existing incidents. We read of yesterday, but think of today. At each recital the oriental settings and the local actors of the parables are quickly obscured by an intuitive suggestion to have them substituted with men and affairs of our own. The circumstances and persons whom the Master mentions affect us but slightly, but we meditate much upon their striking resemblance to our own surroundings, and ponder earnestly whether they would suggest the same comments. Existing defects, heretofore indulgently accepted, suddenly appear in a much more serious aspect; and attainments, formerly but lightly regarded, now seem of infinitely greater importance. Our view point is changed, and ill considered notions of right and wrong are modified. The judgment of mere popular approval is discarded, and mankind divided into two new classes: one embracing those the Master would love, and the other those he would criticize. The simple story of ages ago has done its work. Recorded truth is transmuted into active life. The seed of the past has become the bloom of the present.

A most impressive illustration of this power of parable truth is found in the story of the Pharisee and the Publican. It is recorded that upon a certain occasion, the Master met some individuals who had convinced themselves of their own superior piety, and who, by reason of this imaginary sanctity, had become blinded to the possible merits of other people. They regarded their neighbors as the embodiments of sin and unworthiness, and themselves as exclusively entitled to heavenly favor.

Such men always act that way. They create for themselves a standard of morality, which their own inclinations and environ-

ments make easy of attainment, and then demand that the rest of mankind must conform thereto, or perish under Divine disapproval. But not satisfied with having made a law for the conduct of others, they also invest themselves with authority to promptly inflict the threatened punishment in its human form. If anybody fails to adopt their self-created standards of holiness, they forestall the expected celestial disfavor by visiting the offender with their personal censure and contempt.

In this attitude, common to all races and all ages, Christ recognized an opportunity to teach an everlasting moral lesson, and so related this simple little story :

Two men went up to the temple to pray. One was a Pharisee and the other a Publican. Now, a Pharisee was a type of person whom the Savior, upon another occasion, described as one who paid tithes on mint and herbs, and observed the small, outward virtues of life, but who failed to distinguish a human failing from a wilful sin, and wholly overlooked the love of God. A Publican, upon the other hand, was a personality who did not always comply strictly with Jewish requirements, and whose environments gave opportunities for doing wrong. These facts afforded his self-righteous neighbors an excuse for emphasizing and contrasting their own merits, and furnished a desired pretext for condemning the Savior because of his association with social outcasts.

Such types were not peculiar to the Savior's age. They are as numerous today as they were in ancient times ; nor has society changed its attitude towards them. Although the world has produced innumerable illustrations of the frequency with which insincerity, and sometimes immorality, is associated with sanctimonious appearances, yet the exhibition of a few visible merits still proves the most successful cloak for inward depravity. Although experience has amply demonstrated that petty human failings are not usually incompatible with a steadfast faith and a loyal heart, yet the world still criticizes a wilful liar less than it does an occasional transgressor of temperance. It continues to reward the pretender with reverend greetings in the market places ; and persists in preventing the small, but open, offender from being valued for even the virtues he does possess. The thoughtless masses want no inquiry into causes or motives. They judge from the surface and condemn from appearances.

It was doubtless for the purpose of directing attention to pre-

cisely this error, that Jesus chose to remove these prototypes from the arena of human prejudice. His story places them in the Temple, engaged in personal supplication before the Throne of Grace. That situation presented the best means for disclosing their real natures. Before an all-knowing Father there could be no advantage in concealment; and before an admittedly righteous Judge, each character would naturally present his own strongest appeal for divine consideration. And so, each is permitted to state his own case.

Says the Pharisee: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortionate, unjust, adulterers, or even as this Publican. I fast twice in the week, and give tithes on all I possess."

How characteristic that prayer is of the pharisaical nature, which the Master desired to portray. Although expressed in form of gratitude, it is merely the avowal of a superior claim to Divine favor, based upon a few minor virtues effected, and a few extreme sins avoided. That is the peculiar distinguishing exhibition of self-righteousness. It never acknowledges greater excellence in others, but habitually contrasts itself with extreme wickedness, and then glories at its own pre-eminence in such comparison. The self-righteous recognizes only a single division of mankind. One part is himself, and the other is composed of those mortals who, in a vanishing degree, differ from his own selected virtues. He is, therefore, ever thankful not to be like other men, because they are simply useful as pointed illustrations of his own arrogated sanctity.

And then, again, how repeatedly self-glorification boasts its petty virtues. Doubtless every neighbor of the Pharisee could have testified to his showy compliance with trivial religious requirements. So publicly had he paid his tithes, and so frequently had he talked about his fastings, that none but the deaf and the blind could have failed to take notice. But for what purpose? To him these sacrifices were never privileged opportunities to raise the soul above the body, and the spiritual above the earthly. They were mere advances in a bargain, the profits of which he expected to realize by way of increased returns from God, and pleasurable notoriety before men.

Such men are a great hindrance to the advancement of unselfish worth. They imbue their companions with an unconscious notion that mere conformity to spiritual requirements is all-

sufficient, and that an equivalent compensation will inevitably follow. That the mere deed is the test, and the power to act or the inspiring motive is of minor importance. Surely nothing in reason or revealed truth warrants such conclusion. Good deeds will unquestionably be our witnesses before the judgement seat of God, but good motives and the opportunity for doing good will be the criterions by which we will be judged.

It was upon this theory that Christ justified, or rather acquitted, the Publican in this parable. In mere numbers of praiseworthy actions, the Pharisee probably outranked the Publican. These the Master did not undervalue, nor did he approve the wrongs of the Publican. With equal sincerity of purpose and equal humility of spirit, the verdict would have been wholly different. But the Pharisee ignored the very foundation of righteousness—the love of God and the love of neighbor. These twin commandments embrace the whole law of God, and comprehend the entire message of salvation. In their absence, all other demonstrations of piety become mere empty ceremony.

The Publican, however, had thoroughly absorbed the spirit of these supreme mandates. His pleading words evidenced a most intense desire for the love of God, and his humble self-designation attested his love for neighbor. Whatever frailties others might possess, he confessed himself a sinner. He did not accuse his brother by comparison, nor attempt to offset his own faults by whatever good he might have done. He offered no excuse for his infirmities, and asked no immunity from the just consequences of his own wrongs. All his thoughts centered in the hope that God would not continue a deserved displeasure, nor withdraw divine assistance in whatever trials might yet beset him. And so, in the hopeful anguish of his heart, he could only exclaim, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The much-embracing adequacy and the continually unfolding expansiveness of this concise prayer, was doubtless intended to illustrate one of the many valuable lessons taught in this parable. Superfluity of words for devotional purposes have never received divine sanction. All of Christ's sayings were terse and pithy; but nevertheless, stimulating and soul arousing. Long prayers and long sermons never incite action; they weary the mind and tire the body. Whenever the soul is truly stirred, words are wholly inefficient. Real joy, or real grief, is neither verbose nor noisy.

"The soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," or even "the upward glancing of an eye, when none but God is near," is certainly more inspiring to the human soul, and must be more acceptable to our Heavenly Parent than the formal reading from a prayer-book, or the prolonged, though extemporaneous, attempt at public eloquence. One is substance, the other form. One is a wish of the soul referred to God, the other a thought of the mind submitted to men. The contrasted prayers of this parable clearly indicate their effective difference. One emanated from the pride of self-righteousness, and therefore diffused itself in its expected reward of temporal applause, while the other arose from the depth of a penitent heart, and therefore mounted to the throne of God.

"I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other, for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

OGDEN, UTAH.



ELDERS OF LEEDS CONFERENCE. OCTOBER 28, 1911

Back row: George Heaps, Jedediah McKay, Elmer C. Rigby, Herbert East, John R. Bellamy, Joseph E. Blake.

Third row: Wm. Hudson, George B. Sheffield, Melvin J. Benson, Jesse W. Matthews, Thos. G. Harrison, George O. Low.

Second row: Henry R. Perry, J. Morgan Lake, Fred C. Parker (Conference President), Rudger Clawson (President of European Mission), Austin H. Shaw (Clerk of Conference), Robert A. Brighton.

Front row: Lewis E. Fullmer, Charles J. Parry, Hugh F. McLean, Shores Loveless.



ELDERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Top row, left to right: Artemus Crane, Austin Houtz, William C. Crook, C. B. Whitney, Elmer P. Chipman.

Middle row: Joseph F. Hintze, A. Fred Murdock, Franklin R. Gardner, John S. Sagers, mission president; Gottlieb Blatter, Louis A. Nelson.

Bottom row: Alfred J. Gowers, Jr., mission clerk; Rufus Beach, S. R. Boswell.

Kimberley and the Diamond Fields

BY ALFRED J. GOWERS, JR.

A few months ago a number of the elders laboring in South Africa, including myself, were given a permit to visit the workings of one of the famous mines at Kimberley, C. C., South Africa. There we had the pleasure of observing the progress of the diamond, from its mixture with the other elements of mother earth until the stage when it is ready to be sent to Holland, to be cut and polished, ready for the ornamental use of modern women.

Taking it for granted that these few words, by way of introduction, have given the visitors time to clothe themselves in khaki suits and heavy shoes, we find them ready to go off to the open hole of the Du-Toits Pau Mine, the richest, per karat, of its class in the world.

We stand and gaze into a funnel-shaped hole which has a depth of seven hundred and fifty feet; at the surface, the massive

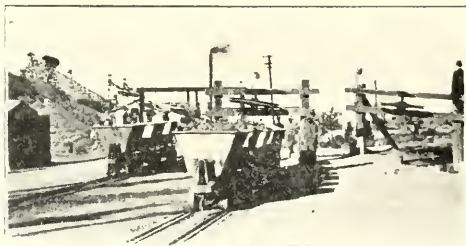
hole has an area of fifty-eight acres. This is all that may be seen. Where are they working? Has the mine been abandoned? Or, is it a holiday? No; about a quarter of a mile away may be seen a large hoist, a line of cars, where everything seems moving. It is there that the "blue stone" is brought to the surface, which is constantly being taken from the hole upon whose brink we stand wondering at the mystery of nature.



Dressed in khaki suits and heavy shoes, the guide took the company underground.

Let us now visit the place where the work seems to be going on. There we see a great hoist of fourteen hundred horsepower, which brings to the surface twelve thousand tons of crude material daily, loading it into cars that have a capacity of one ton each. By these it is hauled to a field some three miles away, hence, "diamond fields."

These small cars are attached to an endless cable, and are constantly in motion, having always the same work to do, yet never becoming weary.



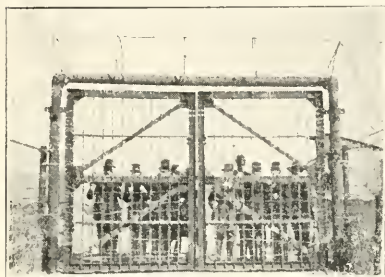
By means of a lift, or elevator, we descend the shaft, seven hundred and fifty feet.

There we step outward. In every direction may be seen small tunnels, out of which, at short intervals, come small cars loaded with blue-colored stone. These cars also work on the endless cable principle, and are loaded and unloaded while in motion. The sixty miles of tunnels, which form a network under and around the large hole which we first visited, are alive with cars

Small cars attached to an endless cable carry the blue stone to the field, three miles away.

and workmen who are natives, and generally spoken of as "boys." Fourteen hundred are employed in the forenoon, the same number in the afternoon; while at night, the force is reduced by one-half, making in all a total of thirty-five hundred "boys" (Kafirs) working daily, excluding the white men who act as overseers.

The character of the diamond deposit is of such a nature, bullet-shaped, that the method of work is in a marked degree different from that engaged in where the mineral sought runs in veins. This explains why the material is taken out through a network of tunnels from underneath.



A great fence prevents the escape of any dissatisfied laborer.

The colored laborers get a wage of one dollar per day, and a hole ten feet in depth must be drilled in order to entitle them to this sum. Three great pumps of eighty-pound pressure per square inch, each pumping an average of eight thousand gallons of water per hour, are constantly at work pumping water from the tunnels below.

Next we visit the "compound," the home of the "boys" while engaged for the company, which is usually for a term of six months, during which time they are not permitted to leave the premises. It is a great impenetrable fence, constructed of barbed wire, enclosing the whole of the company's property. So valuable are the diamonds that every workman on leaving is closely examined to be sure he carries away none of the precious stones. A penalty of seven years' hard labor is inflicted upon any one who is found illegally in possession of these stones.

The "compound" we find to be an enclosure of about twenty acres, surrounded on all sides by houses; the abodes of the workmen, etc. That these natives are happy, it is needless for me to say. It is an old adage that "ignorance is bliss." In one corner they may buy anything but cards and whiskey; in another, is a hospital where the wounded receive prompt surgical and medical aid. Visiting the chambers of the sick, we found not a few, there being an average of four hundred on the recuperating list con-

tinually, with about forty-five fatalities yearly. The common ailments are bruised legs, mashed toes, sprained ankles, etc.

We will stop here a few moments while the visitors change



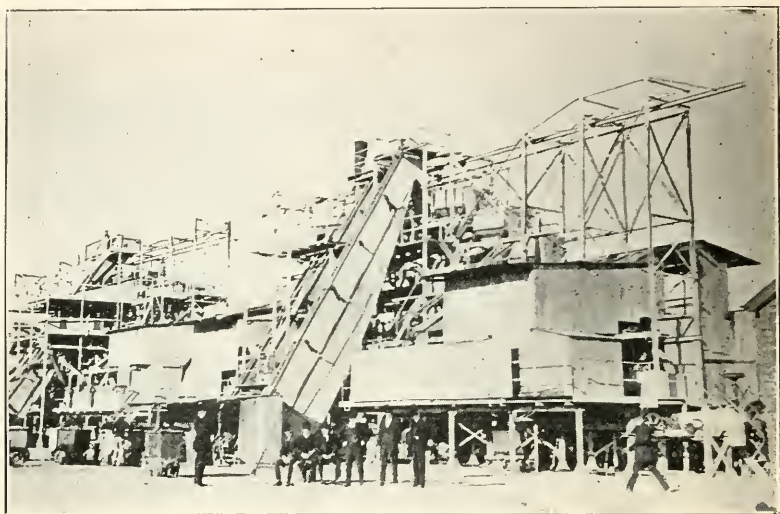
The blue stones are spread out on a field and cultivated until thoroughly disintegrated.

the khaki suits for the more refined broadcloth, then we will go on to the fields, to which the chain of cars we saw, lead. There the cars are emptied, and the contents scattered out, remaining exposed to the weather for from twelve to eighteen months. During this time it is worked, harrowed, rolled, etc., to hasten disintegration. The crude material having become thoroughly decomposed, it is again loaded into small trucks and carried to the hydraulic washing machines, five miles away. There it is washed and concentrated, and out of every hundred and fifty loads, one load is sent on in protected cars to the "pulsator," where the clear diamonds are



Viewing the floor where the crude material is deposited for disintegration.

finally obtained. We will walk along to the pulsator, but wait!—There is a car for the express purpose of conveying visitors, so we seat ourselves on a trolley drawn by two of Africa's favorites (mules), then off at a gallop go the merry crowd.



THE PULSATOR.

Here the precious stones are collected and sorted, averaging about \$70,000 worth per day.

At the "pulsator," we see at last the diamond sparkling in splendor. About \$70,000 worth of these precious stones are collected daily. They are separated from the more crude material by means of a sticky, soapy, substance, the formula for which seems to be the great secret of diamond mining, also a secret of the famous De Beer's company.

There we see many other stones, but worthless when compared with the enormous value of the diamond. Here, as in other places of the day's tour, everything is under the keen eye of guards, so that no "sleight of hand" may go on. One must keep his hands in their place, and not touch anything. Who knows but in that sluggish clod there may be a diamnod worth millions of dollars!

The next and last place to visit is the "sorting compartments." There we see, sitting beside long tables, a number of convicts bending over a small bunch of the less precious stones.

The men are sorting the stones, which are then passed on to experts, who give them a final sorting. At a little table, bending over a few stones, perhaps a dozen, sits an expert, glass in hand, also sorting them into different piles, according to kind, color, and value. He is willing to show you the peculiarities of the diamonds, most of which have six sides and eight points. This little pile, of not more than ten or twelve stones, is worth, in the crude state, \$500. After the sorting process has been completed, the history of the diamond is ended, except for some fiction tale, such as



THE TROLLEY.

Elders on board: Back row: Artemus Crane, Alfred J. Gowers, F. R. Gardner, John S. Sagers, Gottlieb Blatter, A. Fred Murdock. Bottom row: Austin Houtz, Jos. F. Hintze, Wm. C. Crook, Elmer P. Chipman.

The Diamond Wedding Ring, The Lady's Diamond, The Lost Diamond, and such other fascinating stories as folk are prone to read. And this can only occur after the diamond has been to Holland, where it is cut and polished, after which, through the jewelers, it comes into the hands of our modern ladies.

WOODSTOCK, CAPE COLONY, AFRICA.

History of the Y. L. M. I. A. A volume of 488 pages has recently issued from the "Deseret News" presses. It gives a most interesting account of the Mutual Improvement cause, and the wonderful work accomplished by the young women of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in their attempts at improving themselves in the variety of lines undertaken in their great organization. Besides the general history, which is complete and comprehensive, and the first in the Church treating of the organized work of women, there are fifty-eight portraits and biographies of leading women—workers in the improvement cause. Besides this, the book contains a brief history of the M. I. A. movement, with portraits of officers and general stake boards, of every stake of Zion. The frontispiece is a steel engraving of President Elmina S. Taylor, and there are several full page portraits of leading workers. The book was written by the well known author, Susa Young Gates, and revised and edited by Ann M. Cannon and a history committee. Every home and library in the Church, and particularly every M. I. A. library, should have a copy of the work. Price \$1.50.



A sacred calm, its rightful heritage,
 This place retains, and presences unseen
 But to the mind's eye. 'Neath the leafy screen,
 The "Watcher of the Tomb" sits, and with age
 His head is frosted. Here, in pilgrimage,
 Shall millions come. Yea, they shall see convene,
 As we do, ghosts of famous ones serene,
 To make anew for them an epic page.

Now twilight silence on Mount Vernon grows,
 Each wooded cape becomes a silhouette;
 Like molten gold Potomac glides along;
 Ah! one thing more imagination owes—
 To stand by Washington, see! Lafayette
 Completes the picture known in Art and Song.



Special Exercises in the M. I. A.*

BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL EDITOR
OF THE "DESERET NEWS"

In making a few remarks this morning on the subject of Special Exercises, I shall not aim to follow the printed program item by item. In accepting the invitation of Prest. Evans to cover this subject, I told him all I could do was to give you the benefit of my experience in a general sort of way, not hoping that all my ideas would be followed, or that they would always be available in every individual case; but such as they were I would present them in the hope that here and there might be some idea which the various ward societies in Ensign stake could profit by.

I—STORIES.

I am a great believer in the charm and power of short stories and anecdotes to impress the minds of young people, and the man who can tell a story properly, can exert equal influence on the minds of people more advanced. Among my earliest recollections are those of two story-telling clubs, or "crowds," as we used to call them, formed about 1870 by the young boys of that day. There were two groups, and without any particular fitness, but solely to have a name, the boys took the titles from the names of two Congressmen, then very much talked about in Utah, one Cullom, the other Cragun, authors of two notorious measures directed against the people here. The "Cullom crowd" would meet on the front lawn of some member's house at night-fall, and the "Cragun crowd" would meet not far away. Each one would designate a story teller for the next session, and it was the business of this story teller to read up all the stories, often of a light character, that could be obtained, and narrate them to the eagerly listening throng. If I remember aright, Bishop Orson

*From an address delivered at the convention of Ensign stake, October, 1911.

F. Whitney, Heber M. Wells and myself were the narrators for the Culloms. Heber J. Grant, Feramorz Young, and others I do not recall, gathered up the crop of weekly stories for the Craguns. They held together for a long time, solely by the cohesive force of story telling, until the Deseret University absorbed them and directed their minds into other channels. The extensive lawn of Mrs. Emmeline Free Young, mother of Alonzo Young, which stood just below where Z. C. M. I. now stands, was the favorite rallying place for the story-telling clubs, and many a night the boys have remained in breathless silence, listening to the anecdotes, until windows were raised in the neighboring houses, and the call of mothers, admonishing the boys that it was bedtime, broke up the throngs.

In the ward societies, I would suggest that the brightest boys and girls be selected to tell the stories, and if there is a lack of story-telling ability, appoint them to read brief selections. The program committee should know the boys and girls who are best qualified for this particular duty. If there is an absence of this especial talent, I would suggest going out into the stake and inviting older and more experienced speakers to come in and entertain the young people in the preliminary programs. In the classes, the teachers will have to govern themselves by individual selections.

The short stories by Dickens, especially his Christmas tales, Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, Washington Irving, Edgar Allen Poe, and some tales from "The Arabian Nights," afford a rich source to which readers may apply. The demand for short stories has grown so greatly of late years that there are many books now published devoted exclusively to this form of entertainment.

II—DEBATES.

No form of intellectual exercises for the young is more beneficial than a friendly debate, properly governed and carried on under proper surroundings. One of the foremost teachers in Utah's history to recognize this fact was Dr. John R. Park, who might almost be called the father of the University of Utah today. In the old days of the University of Deseret, when it was conducted first in the Council House, where the *Deseret News* building now stands, second in the old two-story adobe building once

known as Doremus' School, at the corner of Second West and First North streets, he had as bright a group of boys under his control as the community has probably ever known. The Delta Phi Debating Society was made up of the seniors. The Zeta Gamma was made up of the juniors, and in these juniors, as boys, were Bishop O. F. Whitney, Ex-Governor Heber M. Wells, Heber J. Grant, Rulon S. Wells, Richard W. Young, John T. Caine, Jr., B. B. Young, John B. Read, B. S. Young, Scott Crismon, Prof. Toronto, Prest. Kingsbury, J. L. Heywood, and many others who are today filling leading positions in the community. Dr. Park at first presided over debates, but usually chose three judges among the boys themselves to render the decisions. The plan nowadays is to have the discussion take place, but leave the decision open, thus avoiding any feeling which might be engendered. Whether decisions are rendered or not, there can be a vast amount of benefit secured; first, by taking easy subjects and increasing them in difficulty as the boys gain in experience. Each boy should be told to read up on his subject and to make his notes, but not to read his speech in essay form. Such subjects as the following would be found of advantage to beginners:

"Who was the greater general, Napoleon or Wellington?"; "Who was the greater president, Washington or Lincoln?"; "Who was the greater poet, Byron or Burns?" etc. It is best to avoid political subjects altogether, as it is hard to say where the zeal of our youthful Republicans and Democrats might carry them, or what the views of their parents would be, if they were assigned a particular side of the debate in conflict with the parents' views.

When the pupils are more advanced, such questions as these might be selected: "Resolved, That our war with Mexico was justifiable"; "Resolved, That the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, was justifiable"; "Resolved, That England was justified in banishing Napoleon to St. Helena," and a great many other subjects based on history that will occur to a program committee.

III—ARRANGING FOR A PLAY.

Nothing delights young people more than a dramatic presentation, even if it is only fairly well rendered. The work of preparing a play is full of benefits to those concerned, especially if they have someone of experience to direct their rehearsals and their performances.

Among the very first things that engaged the attention of Frest. Brigham Young and the Pioneers when they landed in Utah was the providing of amusement for the people. Prest. Young said that the people must be amused. He had had some experience himself in the days of Nauvoo, when as a young man he took several parts in serious plays on the stage there, one of them being the High Priest in the play of "Pizzaro." So he encouraged the building of a theater in the old Bowery on the Temple block first, next the erection of the Social Hall, in 1852, and finally the building of the Salt Lake Theater, in 1862. In a few years the company originally formed became famous all over the West, and I have no doubt that the dramatic taste and criticism which are so noted through Utah today, sprang from those early performances which everyone attended, studied, and applauded.

In our Mutual Improvement societies, unless the members have had some experience, I would suggest that plays in general be limited to the one act sketches. If the young people have had no experience, the casting committee should select those who are the best readers in school. Start the rehearsals, and a few practices will develop where the talents lie, and the parts may be changed if necessary. Many excellent plays can be secured by writing to the dramatic publishers in the East, or to their agent, the Deseret News Bookstore in the West, where all classes of plays are kept. The committee should select those of a certain grade, ignoring altogether the rowdy or slangy class, or those with low dialect or negro characters. Everyone will be surprised as to the talents that will be discovered in the casting of a play, and the director in charge of the rehearsals can do much by being rigid, but kindly at the same time, encouraging youngsters by narrating illustrations, and reminding them that some of the greatest speakers and actors the world ever knew came from very humble beginnings. He might tell them, for instance, the story of the famous actor, William H. Crane, who has been seen many times in Salt Lake, who once essayed the role of "Hamlet." On his return from a tour, an enthusiastic lady said to him, "Oh, Mr. Crane, didn't they rave over you? Didn't they call you before the curtain?" "Call me, my dear madam," the actor gloomily replied, "they dared me."

IV—ARRANGEMENT OF MUSICAL CONCERTS.

The concert is something so generally overdone in most of the wards that it must be first class indeed to attract more than passing attention. They are now almost entirely limited to missionary farewells, and should be arranged in conjunction with the choir leader, the organist, and those in charge of music in the Sunday school. Enlist the best talent, and if you have not talent that you can conscientiously feel ought to be put forward, and is worth the price of admission or the price of offering at the door, go outside your ward and get the best you can. Keep your programs short. Many people have been kept away from deserving entertainments by seeing fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen numbers printed. Better have seven, eight, or nine, and let each one be so good that it is sure of one or two encores.

V—FORMATION OF A MALE QUARTETTE.

Here is something very difficult, unless fortune has been specially kind in distributing voices. Some one was once asked, what is a male quartette? and the answer was given that a quartette consists of four people—three men and a tenor. Nature has indeed been very chary in distributing tenors over the earth. If you have not at least a fairly good leading tenor, I would say don't try to form a male quartette. If you have, don't neglect it, for the other three voices, if only passable, will give the tenor good support, and make a group, especially if you have a good ward organist or leader who will train them.

VI—TO PROVIDE SINGING FOR THE MEETINGS.

Here again the question rests with whether or not you have a live organist or pianist and a good, vigorous leader. If so, they can select tunes which all know; ask the known singers in the audience to group somewhere near together, encourage singing in parts as much as possible, encourage the girls to try alto parts; and once in a while, by way of variety, ask those in charge to give you ten or fifteen minutes to rehearse the whole room, in one or two old fashioned rounds in three or four parts. The result is always pleasing, and gives people who had no inkling of musical harmony an understanding of what musical enjoyment really is. Another thing is to secure books enough to take care

of the whole room. In many societies I have seen, the singing lagged because there were only books enough to go half around the room.

VII—SOCIAL AFFAIRS AND AMUSEMENTS.

I think the amusement feature has been fully covered in the suggestions already made. As for social affairs, they can be most successful if made to include a few musical numbers with suitable pauses between for conversation, and if held in a hall, turned into a dance at the close, with someone at the piano, if an orchestra is not obtainable, who can play the right sort of dance music. It would indeed be a novelty, too, if at these dances the societies were to reintroduce some of the forgotten dances of the days when their fathers and mothers "tripped the light fantastic toe," the beautiful but old fashioned schottische, the mazurka, and other dances, which to the youngsters of today are unknown, and to many parents but faded memories.

VIII—TO HELP THE STAKE IN A SUCCESSFUL M. I. A. DAY.

There is a great chance here for interest, friendly rivalry, and competition, if all the wards would bring their program committees together, and have them confer as to a big M. I. A. day at the close of the season. The best singers, debaters, and players could be put forward, picked from those who had participated in the year's programs, and pitted against each other. A prize might be offered for the most meritorious, and the whole thing take the form of a stake eisteddfod, those friendly contests which the Welsh have made famous. The success of these events would depend upon the character and zeal and the pains exercised by the various ward committees summoned together to arrange the details.

CONCLUSION.

And now, dear friends and fellow-workers in the great cause of Mutual Improvement, let me close with a word of appreciation for you who are so unselfishly giving your time and talents for the good of others. I have been in my time member, class teacher, choir leader, and president of a Mutual Improvement Association for a number of years, so I know something of how you work without expectation of reward. Yours is the task that must look to itself for its reward; you will not be embarrassed or burdened with the thanks of the fathers and mothers for whose children

you expend so much time, thought, and care. If, perchance, you send some unmanageable boy home to his parents to save breaking up your class, the chances are that Mamma will be up bright and early next morning to make you a call. Learn to do without bouquets. Get your satisfaction out of your work. You may receive but a small meed of applause, but when you are asked if you ever got any mark of appreciation, you can answer, "No, but I deserved it, and that's better still."

Messages from the Missions.

Elder James R. McLean, writing from Bloomington, Illinois, of the Northern Illinois conference, October 28, states that the elders have followed up the good efforts of the elders who preceded them, and many of the seeds sown, years ago, are bearing fruit. The promises of the Lord are being fulfilled in them. They have a branch of about twenty adult members, all worthy Latter-day Saints. The Sunday schools and meetings are successful, and the interest manifested by both strangers and Saints is gratifying. The



Sunday school is studying the Articles of Faith. The branch is self-supporting, which speaks stronger than words of the faith and integrity of the Saints. The names of the elders and lady missionaries, top row, left to right, are: James R. McLean, Raymond, Alberta, Canada; James Walton, Coalville, Utah; Ward W. Reynolds, Marysville, Idaho; front row: Mrs. Retta L. Williams, Pima, Arizona; Wesley E. Smith, Logan, Utah; Miss Daisy Madsen, Brigham, Utah.

J. Heber Whitesides, conference president of the Massachusetts conference, writes from Boston, November 20, saying that the work is progressing in that district regardless of the general indifference and the prejudice the elders have to contend with. They labor at present in the cities, while last summer they visited the country districts of western Massachusetts, where they met fair success, considering the adverse conditions. "Our experiences make us more enthusiastic in the delivery of the message we have to declare to the people. We are continually adding to our circle of friends in the city many of whom are earnestly investigating the gospel." The names of the elders are, left to right Lawrence W. Richards, Ogden; George E. Dibble, Layton; Carl A. Lindquist, Ogden; C. Glen Eldredge, Woods

Cross; Leonard R. Bailey, Calders Station; Junius T. Smith, American Fork, Utah; George O. Wall, Raymond, Canada; bottom row: Vivian



Snow, Salt Lake City; Alfred G. Rex, Randolph; J. Heber Whitesides, Layton; Francis A. Miller, Spanish Fork; John C. Bailey, Ogden, Utah.

Elder Hans J. Mortinsen, writing from Stavanger, Norway, October 18, says: "Four elders from Utah, and two local elders, are laboring in this branch, which is flourishing, having a full organization, in good condition, with good prospects for the future. The Saints are learning that there is great power in living clean lives, as required of the Latter-day Saints. Considerable anti-"Mormon" agitation has manifested itself during the spring and summer months, and at the

present time there are vile and abusive attacks upon us. Jansen-Fuhr presented an illustrated lecture on Utah and her people, in which he made a miserable failure, since his attack was vile and abusive. At the close of his second lecture, Elder Jacobsen and I met him in open discussion, refuted his slanders, and succeeded



in turning the tide of public sentiment in our favor, which was proved

by the fact that the newspaper articles written afterwards were favorable to us. The latest attack upon us is a poorly devised moving picture drama, entitled, "Victim of the 'Mormons,' a Drama of Love and Sectarian Fanaticism." In this drama the elders are pictured as being white slave handlers. Throughout, it is easy to observe the hypocrisy and lying nature of the whole affair, but for the time being it seems to have its effect upon the people, especially upon those who are prejudiced and less thoughtful. The elders in the picture are, top row: Adolph O. Jacobsen and Adolph C. Vagle, local elders; front: Warren Munk, Hans J. Mortinsen, president Bergen branch; Leonard Larsen and Peter H. Jensen.

Elder Rosel H. Hale, writing from Spokane, Washington, November 11, gives an account of the East Washington conference, held in Spokane, October 29 and 30. The elders reported having met with splendid success during the summer. Comparing the last six months' work with the six months previous, shows an increase as follows: Sale of Books of Mormon, 40 per cent; other books, 115 per cent; families



visited, 110 per cent; tracts distributed, 100 per cent. All the other work showed improvement. Four or five street meetings were held each week during the summer months. Cottage meetings have now begun; and during the noon hour each day, the elders are preaching the gospel to the men in the railroad shops, iron foundries and saw mills. Two lady missionaries have recently been assigned to labor in this conference. Back row, left to right: Nephi Nielson, Victoria Egbert, F. G. Carlile, Wm. J. Lambourn, H. J. Fackrell, Catherine Woodbury, F. F. Brown; middle row: Marion Stringham, Rupert Best, Mission President M. J. Ballard, Conference President Rosel H. Hale, G. C. Wood; front row: P. M. Anderson, A. W. Crosby, Victor Hansen, C. E. Heath.

Elder C. A. Carlquist, writing from Stockholm, Sweden, October 28, says that the elders are feeling well, but are daily persecuted by

the priests and the press. Notwithstanding this, however, the cause is steadily progressing in Sweden, and they are certain that many will embrace the gospel. The elders preach peace to all the people, and yet the enemies of salvation are busy working against them. Elder Carlquist has made trips through the country from Ostersund, in Norrland, to Malmo, in southern Sweden, defending the Latter-day Saints against the attacks of a Pastor Aslev. During these journeys, Elder Carlquist has held fifty-six lectures defending the Saints, and in these has had occasion to bear testimony to the truth of the gospel to thousands who would otherwise not have gone to hear the elders.



C. A. CARLQUIST

The prospects for the present year in the Swiss-German mission, as compared with former years, are very encouraging. The branches all over the Zurich conference are showing steady growth, and marked improvement in the different organizations. Elder Melvin D. Naylor, writing from Zurich, November 20, says that just now they are busy with their Christmas programs, and that in the Zurich branch they



had secured a hall to accommodate between 500 and 600 people. The photograph shows the elders laboring in the mission headquarters in Zurich. Back row, left to right: A. W. Shepherd, mission secretary; Logan Morris, Sherwin Maeser, Sidney T. Taylor, Lester Leffler, Sterling Shurtliff, of the mission office. Sitting: Melvin D. Naylor, conference president; Miss Katherine McKay, Thomas E. McKay, mission president; Mrs. Robert A. Stelter, Robert A. Stelter, editor of the

mission periodical, "Der Stern"; Clifford C. Clive, branch president.



James C. Nelson, writing from Snohomish, Washington, November 1, says that the work of the Lord is progressing in the West Washington conference, and many of the people are being reached by the gospel message. The elders find many who are willing to listen to and consider the gospel. The elders in the picture are: James C. Nelson, Sigurd, Utah; Ray E. Law, Springville, Utah.

Here we have two elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whose homes are in Brigham City, Utah. This picture was taken in the "land of the midnight sun." Names of the elders are: Christian M. Jensen, president of the Bergen conference, Norway, and his brother, Jonathan C. Jensen, also in the center two native Lap-



landers. They are all in the city of Hammerfest, Norway, which is a maritime town in the province of Finmarken, on Whale Island, a treeless, barren part, in latitude 70 degrees 40 minutes north, making it the most northerly town in the world. Being a fish center, it has a lively trade, with a population of between two and three thousand. Though in the arctic circle, the winters are comparatively mild, and it is said that the surrounding waters seldom freeze. The picture was taken on the 24th of July, 1911.

The Valley of Ras-el-Nasir

BY HAMILTON GARDNER

When "Slats" Pendleton was graduated from Harvard, his father, a high official in Standard Oil, and correspondingly rich, gave him a million dollars in gilt-edge securities, and told him to go on a trip around the world. He made but one condition—that "Slats" take his sister Beth along. To this, of course, the son agreed, but knowing that traveling would be but a miserable pleasure without his old college chum, "Dutch" Schmidt, he asked him to accompany them. The fact that "Dutch" was very fond of Beth may have had something to do with the invitation.

Except for a harmless flirtation between "Slats" and some Japanese geisha girls, their trip across the Pacific and through the Orient was of the usual interesting but uneventful kind. It was not until they reached Jerusalem that the Fates placed them in the way of having an adventure. The possibility came when they selected Muli Hafid for their dragoman on an excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea.

Muli Hafid proved to be a most interesting person when the boys talked to him a few nights before the trip. He was a good entertainer and his extensive travels had given him an amazing knowledge of folk lore and folk superstitions. Indeed, being a Mohammedan, he was himself superstitious enough to believe many of the stories he was telling. It was in all earnestness, therefore, that he told the young Americans, in his quaintly accented but otherwise perfect English, this tale:

"Gentlemen, I have seen many dangerous and awful places in my life, but never one which frightened me so much as the valley of Ras-el-Nasir, east of the Jordan. It reaches deep down into the earth and is hotter than the desert at mid-day. But these are only obstacles which Allah has set there to keep men from reaching the bottom; for there, in a cave, feared and avoided from ancient times, is the body of Lot's wife. It is accursed so that whatever man sets eyes upon it is immediately turned into salt."

The boys could hold off no longer; with shrieks of laughter

they ridiculed the guide's story. But he insisted that what he said was the truth. Finally, to show the utter ridiculousness of the thing, "Slats" asked him if he had ever been there.

"Allah has given me too much wisdom that I should ever go into the valley, but I swear by my father's head that I have seen the entrance to it."

"Has any one else ever entered it?" queried "Dutch."

"Many, but they have never returned," answered Muli.

"But why should any sane man wish to go into such an awful place with the certainty of being turned into salt for his trouble?" laughingly asked "Slats."

"The love of foolhardy adventure and the disregard of the unbelieving for the laws of Allah, have ever lured men to destruction."

"Then," quickly responded "Slats," who had played a wonderful halfback on the 'Varsity and feared nothing, "I will see the thing through and determine whether there is any truth in the rumor of such a valley. Will you agree, Muli, to take us to this mysterious place on condition that if you fail you will charge nothing for your services?"

Surprising as it seemed to the boys, the dragoman readily assented.

* * * * *

After a hot, dusty ride through the bare, sandy hills, the party reached Jericho. An invigorating bath in the salty waters of the Dead Sea, and an exploration of the excavations of the old Israelitish town, occupied the remainder of the day. Early the next morning the whole party set out on what the Americans considered a lark, and the guide, a dangerous adventure. They forded the swift, muddy Jordan, and headed for the mountains in the east. At noon, by continually prodding their ponies along the scarcely discernable paths which crossed the desolate region, they had reached a high range of hills. Muli, who from the beginning had been rehearsing blood-curdling stories about Ras-el-Nasir, was already frightened. Indeed, if "Dutch" himself had told the truth, he would have confessed that his stock of courage was reaching a very low mark. "Slats," too, had ceased being so skeptical about the matter. As for Beth, she said never a word.

Muli finally guided them almost to the top of the highest hill and told them that on the other side, in the face of the cliff

to be seen, there was a small, cave-like opening, which led into the mysterious valley. He refused to approach nearer to what he termed the "fiendish place." After a brief consultation, it was finally decided that Beth should remain with the dragoman, while the two men should proceed on foot. After investigating, they were to return and report. "Dutch" would have much preferred to remain behind, but did not dare show his disinclination before Beth. She, on the contrary, wished to go, too, but "Slats" persuaded her to wait until they had either definitely located the valley or proved it to be a myth. For now, the Americans, in spite of the ridicule they had heaped upon Muli, were prepared to concede the possibility of the existence of Ras-el-Nasir.

A rough climb brought the young men to the cliff. There, just as Muli had stated, was an opening in the face of the rock. They began to realize now that the matter was no joke. Here was the opening, and without doubt it led into the valley. Was that not sufficient? "Dutch" was for returning to Beth and reporting that the whole thing was a fake, but "Slats," knowing that such a course meant the complete abandonment of the incident, insisted that they go on—his football training simply would not allow him to quit at this stage of the game. So they continued.

With the spirit of their contemplated joke conspicuously lacking, they entered the opening. They went only a short distance before they found themselves in the open air again. There, before them, lay the valley. It was small and round, like the crater of an extinct volcano, and the light did not reach far enough down to permit them to see the bottom. Not a sign of vegetation was visible, and even from their position the excessive heat was plainly felt. A narrow path led from the entrance down the steep sides, and this was the only visible way to reach the bottom.

It required a great amount of persuasion and considerable lecturing before "Slats" could induce "Dutch" to make the descent. Even his talk was of the bravado kind, for his own self-confidence and courage were well nigh spent. They had not proceeded far before they learned the truth of Muli's statement about the heat. The sun's rays, beating down on the bare rocks, made the valley a veritable furnace. There was no circulation of the atmosphere and the men soon had great trouble in breathing the burning, hot air. But "Slats'" American football training

would not give up; he kept his own resolution from completely failing by urging "Dutch" on. With chests heaving and panting and their strength almost exhausted, they forced their way down, until, after what seemed almost an eternity, they reached the bottom. Here the heat was still terrific, but it seemed cool after the seething furnace above.

After a few moment's rest they began an exploration of their surroundings. They soon found a cave-like opening in the other side of the little valley. By this time both were completely frightened. So far Muli's story had proved true in every detail; and now, after their recent exhausting experience, they were in a state of mind to see anything. Particularly was this true of "Dutch." It was, therefore, with hearts in their mouths that they entered the cave and turned on their pocket lamps.

A brilliant and dazzling sight met their eyes. The ceiling, the walls, and the floor appeared to be set with millions of diamonds, which reflected the light in little points of dazzling, white flame. Closer examination showed the supposed jewels to be tiny salt crystals. But the weirdness of the cave increased rather than allayed the excitement in the minds of the explorers. They followed further in, continually wondering at the new beauties of light and form which revealed themselves, and becoming more frightened every minute. At last the passage turned; the men entered a well-formed room. Some marks on the wall as though made by instruments drew their attention. In astonishment they gazed for a moment, then, by a common impulse, they flashed their lights toward the other side of the chamber.

"Dutch" started in horror at the sight which met his gaze there. He stood transfixed, his eyes staring at what seemed a human form. His hair rose on his head and cold sweat broke out on his face. He pointed a shaking finger at the object of his fright, and in a trembling voice said, "Can't you see her? She is staring right at me. I can't move. It is Lot's wife. I am getting cold. She—is—turning me—into—salt." Then, with a wild shriek, he fell senseless to the floor.

"Slats" glanced hurriedly in the direction indicated. He gave a quick start. Did he see aright? Was that really a woman's figure. Was not the face averted over the shoulder? And were not the eyes staring into his own? Yes, he could see the expression of awful terror on the face. He tried to turn his gaze from

those terrible eyes that were piercing his very soul. He could not. They held him by an irresistible power. A feeling of indescribable horror ran through him. He felt his limbs grow cold and stiff. He thought his very heart had ceased beating. His gaze transfixed, he slowly sank to the floor. That terrible look pursued him. It was forcing him into some awful, horrible state. With those eyes burning into his soul, he gave up and knew no more.

* * * * *

Beth and Muli waited impatiently for the boys to return, Muli pacifying his fright by reading aloud from the Koran, and the girl perusing the autobiography of an old Roman traveler which she had picked up in an old library in Jerusalem and saved for just such an occasion. But when more than two hours had passed, and Beth's anxiety could no longer be quieted, she told the guide to go and find the missing ones. He refused outright. Not for all the American travelers and American gold in the world would he approach the accursed valley. Threats, bribery, persuasion, tears—all were in vain; he would not go one step nearer. Then suddenly Beth's face lighted up. Quickly she reached for her book, and hastily turned the leaves until she came to a certain page. She read long and thoughtfully, and then a smile spread over her face, and she finally laughed outright. Seizing a canteen of water from her horse, she hurriedly began the ascent of the hill, leaving the bewildered Muli almost speechless with amazement.

Finding the entrance to the cliff, she followed the path down into the valley. The heat that was so hard on the men proved almost insufferable for her. Without the canteen she would have fainted more than once. When she reached the bottom, she was totally exhausted, and only after a long rest could she proceed.

The sight of the cave caused the same mysterious smile to appear, and without a moment's hesitation, she entered. She observed the same beauties of the cave that had attracted the men, and in addition she took particular pains to examine the marks on the wall, and she also made note of some timbers piled together in the corner. She did receive a great shock, though, when she found her brother and her sweetheart lying unconscious on the floor. But her presence of mind did not desert her. Hastily

sprinkling some water on "Dutch's" face, she was overjoyed to see him move. But his first words frightened her, "Take that face away, take it away." Finally she succeeded in calming him. She was more than astonished, however, when "Slats," on being revived, said exactly the same thing. But she did not wait to question them there. Taking each by the hand she led them out of the place, still dazed from their experience.

* * * * *

They were sitting on the veranda of the hotel in Jerusalem. "Slats" was telling the story of the adventure in Ras-el-Nasir, and had just reached the point of their entrance into the cave, when Beth interrupted him.

"When you had been gone a long time I suddenly remembered what Publius Antonius says about the old Roman salt mines in the hills east of Jordan. I decided that Ras-el-Nasir was such a salt mine, and thought perhaps you had found some interesting antiques or relics. I wished both to see these myself and be sure that nothing had happened to you, so I came down into the cave."

"But were you not frightened by what Muli had said about Lot's wife?" asked "Dutch," with rather forced unconcern.

"Certainly not," Beth answered, "Publius mentions the same story, and besides, it was easy to see how the superstitious Arabs could connect the story of Lot's wife with an abandoned Roman salt mine. This I knew it to be when I saw the marks on the walls. But I was more than frightened when I discovered you lying unconscious on the floor. Tell me how that happened."

With a nudge and a wink to "Dutch," "Slats" answered, "Oh, it was the heat that caused that. Let's go into dinner."

"**The Cities of the Sun**," the second and enlarged edition, with twenty-three illustrations, and two additional stories, is just out of press. The author, Elizabeth Rachel Cannon, traveled twice to Mexico and excavated among the ruins there to gain information at first hand. In her work, we have seven stories of ancient America, founded on historical incidents in the Book of Mormon, and illustrated from paintings by George M. Ottinger, and photographs by the author. The stories are told in a style to attract and interest, and with a view to inspiring the reader to turn direct to the simple and beautiful language of the Book of Mormon itself. The book is recommended in the M. I. A. reading course, and the stories are of a character to interest believer and unbeliever, young and old. The "Deseret News" did the printing.



PRESIDENT CHARLES W. PENROSE

Charles W. Penrose.

Elder Charles W. Penrose, son of Richard, and Matilda Sims Penrose, recently ordained one of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, comes of an old Cornish family, and was born at Camberwell, London, Feb. 4, 1832. While in childhood his father died, and Charles left school at an early age, engaging in various occupations, until he heard and received the gospel. He was baptized May 14, 1850, ordained a deacon June 30 following, and called as a missionary and ordained an elder, January 6, 1851. As an inducement not to engage in the ministry he was offered a good position under the government. However, he chose the ministry, and left London early in March, walking to Maldon, Essex, an entirely new missionary field, where he began his labors without purse or scrip. Here he raised up a branch, also branches in Danbury and other places. Later he presided over the London Conference and was pastor of Cheltenham, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire conferences, also of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Staffordshire and Shropshire. During his ministry, there were wonderful cases of healing, and he baptized many converts. Besides, he composed songs and hymns for the Saints that have become household words, and wrote articles for the *Millennial Star*.

Having spent ten years in the mission field, he emigrated to America in April, 1861, assisting in the charge of 620 emigrating Saints from Liverpool to New York. They were thirty days crossing the water, in the steerage. He continued with the company on trains to St. Joseph, Missouri, and then up the river to Florence, Nebraska, crossing the plains with ox teams. The company were eleven weeks on the way from the Missouri river to Salt Lake. He settled in Farmington, where he spent his time in the summer farming, and in the winter teaching school. On the 27th of October, following his arrival, he was ordained a Seventy, and became one of the seven presidents of the 56th quorum.

In the fall of 1864, he removed to Logan, where he taught school. The following spring he was called on a mission to Great

Britain, and went with a company having mule teams. He left his family in a log cabin and walked most of the journey to Omaha. When it is remembered that the Indians were then on the warpath, and that many of the travelers over the plains were killed, the journey was remarkable. Crossing the sea in the steerage, with other missionaries, he was thirteen days from New York to Liverpool.

With vigor he again took up his missionary labors in Liverpool, and later was changed to Essex, and then again to London, presiding over each of these conferences. He was later called to be the assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*, for which he wrote many articles and poems, and helped in the emigration of the Saints. After the shipping season of 1868 had closed, he was released and sailed for New York in a Guion boat, taking rail to the frontier, and then by rail went to Point of Rocks, at the end of the track of the Union Pacific, taking a stage from there to Salt Lake. He was absent three and a half years.

Arriving in Utah, he engaged in the mercantile business with the firm of Shearman and Penrose, and when Z. C. M. I. was organized, in 1868, the firm turned over their business to the Logan branch of that institution, of which Elder Penrose became the secretary, bookkeeper and treasurer. During this period he also acted as a home missionary in Cache county.

In 1870, he was called to Ogden to edit a semi-weekly newspaper which had been established there by President Franklin D. Richards, named the *Ogden Junction*, of which he became editor and manager, and in the course of a short time made it a daily. He was ordained a High Priest on the 9th of April, 1871, and became a member of the High Council, also of the city council, serving besides as a home missionary.

In 1876 he was elected to the Territorial Legislature from Weber county, and the following year was called by President Brigham Young to the *Deseret News*, of which he afterwards became editor-in-chief.

In 1880-2 he was again elected to the legislature from Salt Lake county, and served on important committees, framing many bills. In 1882, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and helped frame the proposed constitution of Utah. Two years later, in 1884, he became second counsellor to President Angus M. Cannon, of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, in which

capacity he served until the Salt Lake stake was divided, in 1904. In 1885 he went on a mission to New York and Washington and then to Great Britain, and while on this mission he traveled over the British Isles, also in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany and Switzerland, preaching in the principal cities. He wrote much for the *Millennial Star* during this period. After scarcely a year's absence, he was called home to take personal charge once more of the *Deseret News*, in which capacity he continued until the paper was taken in hand by Cannon and Sons, in October, 1892. He then went to the *Salt Lake Herald*, as assistant editor, and subsequently became editor-in-chief.

In 1895 he was appointed to labor in the Historian's Office. In this capacity he compiled much Church history, wrote many articles for magazines and encyclopedias, besides pamphlets, etc., and on the 4th of April, 1896, became assistant historian of the Church. Three years later, on the 1st of January, 1899, he was again called to the editorial leadership of the *Deseret News*.

On the 7th of July, 1904, he was ordained one of the Twelve Apostles, and immediately began his travels throughout the stakes of Zion, at the same time writing daily for the *News*, until October, 1906, when he was called to preside over the European mission, arriving in Liverpool on the 2nd of November that year. He began the next day to visit conferences, and from December 1, 1906, until June, 1909, he wrote all the editorials for the *Millennial Star*, besides many articles for various newspapers, on the "Mormon" question. At the same time he traveled over Great Britain, attending all the conferences twice a year in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, besides holding numerous district and branch meetings, and visiting the missions many times in Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, etc. In addition to this, he supervised the work in South Africa, Turkey, and Greece, and directed the financial and emigration work at Liverpool. During this mission he made many converts, and ordained many officers in the Church. It was his business also to instruct missionaries, which he did, keeping up these activities during the entire time. Being released, he returned from Liverpool to Salt Lake, arriving June 21, 1910, in a little less than nine and a half days, which is a record trip.

Since his arrival home he has been very active in the ministry, visiting quarterly conferences and preaching among the peo-

ple. On the 7th of December, 1911, he was called to be the second counsellor in the First Presidency of the Church. He will be eighty years of age on the 4th of February, 1912, and is receiving congratulation from "Mormon," Gentile and Jew—people of all classes, creeds and parties. Active and devoted, earnest and firm in the faith, he is one of the most remarkable men that the Church has produced. He has a large family, but has had no time to gain wealth, having devoted all his time to the public; yet his business qualifications are such that had he desired he could easily have turned his mind in the direction of the acquisition of wealth, and doubtless would have succeeded.

He has been regarded for many years as an authority on doctrine and discipline, and is known and beloved by the people in every part of the Church. Among his writings are, *The Rays of Living Light*, published in English, Danish, Dutch, German, and Greek, etc., and circulated in Great Britain by many millions of copies; also *Priesthood and Presidency*, which is extensively circulated; *Mormon Doctrine*; *Blood Atonement*; *The Mountain Meadows Massacre*; *Salvation for the Living and the Dead*; *A Spirited Controversy*; besides many articles in the *Contributor*, *Improvement Era*, and other Church magazines, and volumes of editorials on current topics in the *Deseret News*.—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

A Chip or Two Hewn from the Tree of Life

BY JOHN T. BARRETT

A grouch in a palace makes it a worse place than a hovel. Sunshine in the soul makes the cot a restored Eden, and the inmates are in paradise already. A palatial house may be built with gold, but it takes true hearts, with mutual understandings, to make the palace a home. Why build a palace for a home and beautify the surroundings with that which gladdens the physical eye, and then make this visible Eden a hell by your presence in it? The inmates are the life of the place. In them lies the power to make hell of an Eden, or heaven in the midst of the barren wastes. Not the place, but the life, and what we throw into it

in the way of improvements, makes us happiest. It is easier to get other's good opinion and approval of our conduct than to get our own. Be our professions what they may, the acts of men may be deceptive, but to get the approval of our own good conscience is a task that demands a straight life in secret and openly.

I cannot afford to strike my brother a blow or speak ill of him. In self-defense, I must desist, for the act hurts me worse than it does him. By a strike I may injure the mortal frame of my enemy, or friend, but his injury will heal, but there remains within me a wound that is a scar on the soul, and it will not heal. The sooner we learn this lesson, the wiser and more cautious will we act in such matters. Strike if you must, but bear in mind, as you do it, that the act is going to glance off the object which you seek to injure and rebound upon yourself with added force. His body or reputation may be hurt thereby, but if I am the cause of the hurt, my mortal soul is sure to report a discord in the harmony of my life, and I am sure to be wounded. Christ recognized this great fact when he said: "When thou art reviled, revile not again." "If thine enemy smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also." A man who does not do so is ruining his own castle of character. His munitions of war are turned upon his own forces; he is destroying his own defenses.

A Prayer

Our Father, who, from glorious mansions,
Crowned with light and love,
Sends upon your earthly children
Sacred blessings from above.

Give to me another blessing,
One that kings might envy me;
Not the wealth of pearls and diamonds,
Nor all the "lands beyond the sea,"
Nor the fame that men are seeking
Won by victory in a fight—
Give to me a nobler calling,
One to know and do the right.

C. W. COTTAM



PHOTO BY JOHNSON, DECEMBER, 1911.

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

Dr. James E. Talmage

Dr. James E. Talmage, son of James Joyce Talmage and Susanna Preater Talmage, recently ordained an apostle, was born on Sunday, September 21, 1862, at Hungerford, Berkshire, England. He was baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the place of his birth, June 15, 1873, and on the 18th of the following August was ordained a deacon in the Ramsbury branch of the London conference. With his parents and their entire family he left the family home at Ramsbury on the 22nd of May, 1876. They were all bound for Utah and sailed from Liverpool on the 24th of the same month by the Guion steamship *Nevada*. They landed in New York on the 5th of June, and arrived in Salt Lake City on the 14th of the same month and year.

According to the order then in vogue in the Church, which required that all immigrants be re-baptized, he was re-baptized at Provo, Utah, on the 12th of July following. His career in the Church has been upward and onward ever since. On the 7th of December, 1877, he was ordained a teacher in the third ward of Provo, and an elder in the same city, on the 28th of June, 1880. Four years later, on September 29, 1884, he was ordained a High Priest, and set apart as an alternate High Councilor in the Utah Stake of Zion. On the 10th of November, 1901, he was sustained a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union, at the special conference of the Church on that date. He was appointed and sustained to be one of the apostles to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Elder Charles W. Penrose as second counsellor in the First Presidency, on the 7th of December, 1911, and on the following day was ordained an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ and set apart as one of the Council of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, under the hands of President Joseph F. Smith, assisted by his counsellors and members of the Council of the Twelve.

He was married to Mary May Booth, daughter of Richard Thornton Booth and Elsie Edge Booth, at the Manti Temple, June 14, 1888, and from this union there are the following chil-

dren: Sterling B., born May 21, 1889, recently returned from a mission to England; Paul B., born December 21, 1891; Zella, born August 3, 1894, died April 27, 1895, of pneumonia; Elsie, born August 16, 1896; James Karl, born August 29, 1898; Lucile, born May 29, 1900; Helen May, born October 24, 1902; John Russell, born February 1, 1911.

Dr. Talmage received his common school education in the national schools at Hungerford, Berks., and Ramsbury, Wilts. On his arrival in Utah he entered the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, in 1876, and was later a student at Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, 1882-3, and of John Hopkins' University, Baltimore, Maryland, 1883-4. From the Pennsylvania institution he received his Baccalaureate degree, in 1891, and the degree of Ph. D. from the Illinois Wesleyan University, in 1896. He received also the degree of Doctor of Science and Didactics (D. Sc. D.) from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1890.

Returning from his college studies in the East, he became professor of chemistry and geology at the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, in 1884, in which capacity he continued until 1888, at which time he became president of the Latter-day Saints College, in Salt Lake City, then known as the Salt Lake Stake Academy. In this capacity he continued until 1893, in which year he was appointed professor of chemistry and geology for the then prospective Church University, which institution was never completed as to its organization. In 1894 he became president of the University of Utah, and Deseret Professor of Geology therein. In 1897 he resigned the presidency but retained the chair of geology, which he resigned in July, 1907, and has since followed the profession of consulting geologist and mining engineer. In 1891 he was appointed curator of the Deseret Museum, and later ne became its director, which position he still holds.

Dr. Talmage has traveled extensively in Europe specifically in the interests of scientific study, and was a delegate of the Royal Society of Edinburgh to the Seventh International Geological Congress, held in Russia, in 1897, in connection with which appointment he traversed Russia and crossed the Ural mountains and reached Siberia.

Aside from his college degrees he has had conferred upon him many distinguishing honors of a scholastic nature, among them

the following: Fellow of the Royal Microscopic Society of London (F. R. M. S.); Fellow of the Geological Society of London (F. G. S.); Fellow of the Geological Society of America (F. G. S. A.); Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh (F. R. S. E.); Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geological Society (F. R. S. G. S.); Fellow of the American Society for the Advancement of Science; Life Associate of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain.

In the domain of literature he has written a number of excellent works, among them: *The First Book of Nature, Domestic Science, The Articles of Faith, The Story of Mormonism, The Great Apostasy, Tables for Blow-pipe Determination of Minerals, The Great Salt Lake, Past and Present*, and numerous contributions to scientific literature through the columns of standard publications.

True Riches

Seek ye not for riches, but be ever true,
 Striving to learn wisdom, adding virtue, too,
 And the Lord, possessing all that is on earth,
 Will to you his blessings graciously bestow.

Seek ye not for riches, but for treasures true,
 Even the great myst'ries shall unfold to you.
 Life and joy eternal, peace, love, treasures rare,
 In the Father's kingdom you shall know when there.

Seek ye not for riches, but do always pray.
 There will be a blessing for those who ne'er stray.
 Mansions, glory, power, increase evermore,
 For the true and valiant, there will be in store.

CHRISTIAN N. ANDERSON.

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY
SAINTS UNIVERSITY

ADVENTURE VII.—IN WHICH BROCKETTS GETS ON.

That winter Brocketts found employment, such as it was, with Caesar Bodkin. Bodkin had married a squaw, and in consequence there were eight little half-breeds running about with tawny complexion and straight, black hair, which they were forever tossing out of their eyes. And a hard taskmaster he proved. Brocketts had to make many a brick those five months, without a wisp of straw. Bodkin did nothing on the place—which was the reason why he was a squaw-man—except smoke a filthy pipe and lie around all day, mainly on the south side of the old log hut. There were great stacks of wood to chop, cattle and horses to feed, a huge barrel to fill with water twice a day—tasks which Brocketts had to do alone. The fare, as one might easily guess, was poor in quality and worse cooked. And his board was all the compensation the boy was to receive.

Nevertheless, those were halcyon days, and all on account of a school that he attended during those five months. The master was a rare student and teacher. A western man, he had gone east to study, had set his mark high, but, like a good many other large minds with small opportunity, he had had to struggle hard for what he got. He hoped to be a lawyer, he said, and was teaching in the winter months in order to lay by money to return to Harvard. From the first he took great interest in Brocketts.

"I like you," he said, "because you want to learn. You've good stuff in you, and should go on."

And Brocketts *did* want to go on. During the time he was not at work for Bodkin, he was at work for himself, and he meant to go on. The school house, a small log structure with paper window panes and split logs on pegs for benches and desks, was not far from the house. Brocketts had obtained the inestimable privilege of sleeping here in payment of the labor required to

sweep it out every day. Sleeping in the school house was desirable in his case, because he could be alone and might sit up as late as he wanted to without disturbing anyone or being disturbed.

Now, at the orphanage, whatever defects that institution may have had, Brocketts had received most excellent training in the German language, in mathematics, and in Latin. But, after leaving the orphan asylum, he had made some progress also in English. As soon as he had made up his mind to go to America, he cultivated the acquaintance of a German on board the *Walrus* who knew this language well. Him, therefore, he plied with questions as to what was the English for this and that and the other. On the *Maria Pinta* several of the sailors were Americans and could speak little else than English. The company of these he diligently sought and cultivated whenever he could, so that by the time he landed he could not only understand most of the simple vocabulary of the sail—not too choice, to be sure—but could express himself with tolerable freedom. Then, too, he had some little practice in talking the language on the way, for his companions understood not a word outside of their native tongue. Since his separation from them, he had heard and spoken nothing but English.

Now he could study this language to advantage, having a capable instructor. His teacher put into his hands volumes of history and literature and biography, which told powerfully on the mental development of this naturally talented boy. He sat up half the night, studying these books by the light of a blazing fire; for the twenty-fifth "deestrick" could not boast the possession of a lamp, and Brocketts' purse was too slender to permit even the small outlay necessary to buy a supply of candles. He always took pains "to look before and after," but he never pined "for what is not." Magazines also he read—old ones, to be sure, in the absolute sense, but new in a relative one, for he had never seen their contents before—and one of these made a profound impression on his mind. It contained an account of John Wanamaker's commercial successes.

From this moment he counted himself a merchant in the making. The biographies of scientists, men of letters, even inventors did not appeal so strongly to his nature. Merchandising he considered was his natural calling. He would be a great mer-

chant, like his father and like Wanamaker—not a mere bargainer, but a man of wide interests and usefulness. I am not sure but Brocketts' desire for wealth, mostly on account of his absorbing search of his parents, had something to do with this choice. But if so, or if not, there was nothing ignoble in it. And besides, was not his father a merchant—or had been?

But when school was over in the spring, he began to cast about him for some profitable occupation so that he might continue on his way west. There was little money in country places in those days, and so Brocketts betook himself to Omaha.

There he fell in with a man who kept a small shoe store, with whom he worked for two dollars a week, including his board and lodging. He patched and mended shoes, he helped to make shoes, and he delivered shoes, pair by pair, to any part of the town. But Carlson broke up in business presently, and Brocketts was thrown once more on his own resources.

Next he worked in a printing office. Now, a printing office is the place, of all places in the world, where you hear the news—and a good deal that isn't news. And two things he heard while he was here.

The first was a confirmation of all his hopes, and all that he had ever heard before, of the great Eldorado on the Pacific coast. Adventurers returning from the gold fields of California, were loaded, not indeed with nuggets of the yellow metal, but with tales of the wonderful land. The fact that their purses were so slender, even though their heads were full, should have been enlightening to young Brocketts. But it was not. And so, in default of hard cash, these westerners spun out their yarns, saffron-hued as the metal they did not have, to an incredible length—every word of which was manna to the hungry boy. How could he, a lad of less than sixteen, without any experience in the world—how could he be expected to distinguish fact from fable, especially since his mind had been tuned for the fable? And so his appetite for the riches of the west grew apace.

The other thing that he heard while at the printing office concerned a strange people living in a place called Utah, on the way to California. They were called "Mormons." And they had a way of killing those whom they did not like. It was really dangerous to be in Utah, especially if you were the least inclined to be religious; for they seemed to hate religious folk worse than

they did anyone else. Utah was a perfect net-work of underground passages, and if you did anything to the "Mormons" that they didn't like, pretty soon you suddenly disappeared and nobody heard of you any more. One man told him about the Mountain Meadows massacre, in which he had a cousin that was killed. It was a horrible story and made Brocketts' blood curdle, but he liked to hear tales that made his blood curdle. Would the man tell him some more? And the man did. He took the gold fever and suffered inexpressibly from it.

One day he heard of a place where he could get five dollars a week—at the printer's he got only three—and as it was in a store, he was the more anxious to secure it at once. So he quit his position as printer's devil, and called on Mr. Nolan, the manager of the firm of Nolan, Scudder & Company.

"What's your name, sonny?" asked Mr. Nolan, a gruff, hard-featured man.

"Brocketts, sir."

"Brocketts—Brocketts what?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What? Don't know what your own name is? You're a fine one, I must say!"

Brocketts told him briefly his origin, leaving out all allusion to his having been kidnapped.

"No! No boy works for me who don't know his own name and who comes from I don't know where. Why, the first thing I'd know, he'd be running off with my cash box!"

"You c'n trust me, sir," Brocketts said innocently. "I've never done anything like that."

"That's what every scalawag says. Clear out! There's no place for you here."

That afternoon he took his way to the depot, bought a ticket as far as his money would go, and boarded a train for the land of the Setting Sun.

ADVENTURE VIII.—IN THE GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHT.

Brocketts' ticket took him to Denver. Here, at midnight, he left the car, after everybody else had done so, and walked towards the end of the train. He stumbled in the darkness between two tracks. Presently he came to the depot, but would not go in at

that late hour, though, had he known it, that was the best place for him under the circumstances. So he wandered about, seeking a place where he might lay himself down till morning.

For an hour or so he wandered about aimlessly, crossing and recrossing his path many times, but avoiding the lighted places. As time wore on, fewer and fewer dark figures flitted through the stream of light that came from the engine's forehead and the windows of the station. If he could but have found an empty box car, he would gladly have gone into it and trusted to luck. Clearly, though, this walking about could not go on forever. He must lie down and sleep. But where would he be safe from tramps and cut-throats? As if tramps and cut-throats would molest a poor boy that looked as if he had even less than fifty cents in his pocket!

In this frame of mind he came suddenly upon a square pile of new ties built up layer on layer crosswise to the height probably of seven feet. Clambering up with infinite difficulty, he sat down. In a little while he took off his coat, lay down, and spread it carefully over him.

How unspeakably lonely it was! The great darkness and the quiet frightened him. Whenever the wind, high above, cleared away a cloud from the sky and a star blinked, he shuddered. To his lively imaginings it was a gigantic eye full of all unkindness, and he expected every moment to feel a gigantic hand reach down and clutch him. At last, however, he fell into a fitful slumber.

When he awoke next morning the sun was shining benevolently into his face. It soon drove away the chill of the night and brought warmth and cheer to his soul. For it made all the difference in the world to Bocketts whether the sun shone or clouds darkened the sky. In a twinkling all last night's gloom and fears were gone, and he was himself again.

He slid down from his high perch and began to explore his surroundings. He was pretty well away from the station, he discovered. Going over to a small cottage not far from the track, he asked and received a hasty bowl of bread and milk, which he offered to pay for, but which the good woman who served him would not hear of. Meanwhile, he had made up his mind to go on his way. The sun had done that, mostly. But how was he going without money? He had not been in America ten months, though, without hearing of a certain class of penniless men who,

especially in the west, often ride from town to town notwithstanding. Could not he, also, risk an empty box car?

Now, Brocketts had got more than a bowl of bread and milk from the little woman at the cottage. He had received some valuable information to boot. Which way was west? and was there a train going in that direction today? Yes, there was; it would leave in about an hour, for it was only nine o'clock; there it was over yonder now. So he walked along the track a little way. Passing the cars, one after another, he carefully scrutinized them, marking one that was empty and had a door invitingly open. He sat down and waited, not far away.

At last came the warning too-toot of the engine, followed by a great puffing and grunting and spinning of the wheels. That was a heavy load to pull, but as its head was down hill, the steam horse had a good foot-hold, so to speak. He got up and wandered, with apparent unconcern, toward the track, keeping a close eye on the brakeman, who was walking along the car tops.

The engine snorted past. Ten or fifteen cars clicked by. Here was the open box car. By this time the train was going at a pretty rate. He trotted, or rather hopped, alongside it for a few yards. Then, catching firm hold of an upper rod, he swung himself breathless inside the car.

At first he was dazed by what he had done. He sat in the middle of the car and looked out. But presently recovering himself, he moved to the door and sat down, letting his legs hang over the edge at the door. "I might as well take in the sights!" he said with amazing coolness, addressing the mountains and things in general.

The landscape was moving now with its usual circular rotation when you are on a train. Wasn't this fine, though! After all, he had managed things well. He could go thus all the way to California, he thought in his ignorance. And he pictured himself in the golden country getting rich, and then beginning the long search for his parents.

"Hey, there, you!"

Brocketts started as if someone had shot him. Where did that voice come from?

"What you doin' there, fellow?"

The word dropped straight down from above. The brakeman had seen him, then—at least, his legs!

Now, what Brocketts ought to have done was to have answered the man from where he sat. But that is exactly what he did *not* do. For, quick as thought, he jerked his legs in, ran to the end of the car, and craned his neck in the direction of the door.

For a brief moment the noise of the train was as the voice of the last day. An awful fear took hold of him. Suddenly, in the midst of it all, there appeared above the doorway first a pair of man's shoes, then a pair of man's legs, and finally a man's body, huge as a titan's, swinging by the hands from the roof. The boy's heart beat loudly against his ribs, and his breath fairly stopped. He crawled down in the farthest and darkest corner, endeavoring to bring his body into a microscopic compass, as if he could thus beguile the man into thinking he was somewhere else. Maybe, after all, the swinging man would drop *out*! Then there would be no danger—to Brocketts.

But the obstinate fellow, instead, dropped *in*—safely—and stood up in the middle of the floor, and cried angrily:

"Come out o' there!"

As Brocketts beheld the brakeman standing there in the light, he almost fainted through sheer terror. There could be no doubt as to what would be done with him. It was a dreadful thing, this stealing a ride, and he should never have done it. He had heard of tramps being kicked out of empty box cars by angry brakemen, while the train was in rapid motion, and picked up afterwards by section hands, dead and mangled. And he pictured himself, in a thought-flash, passing through this horrible fate. Then he would be as dead as the little drowned boy at Strassburg that was buried in his stead, and his parents would never know the difference! All this required but an instant. There, meantime, stood the brakeman, glaring angrily into the darkness.

"I'll give you just ten seconds, my man, to come out of that!" he repeated with threatening firmness, at the same time putting his hand to his hip pocket. For in those days every railroad man carried revolvers. In three seconds, however, Brocketts came before the enemy, pale and trembling.

"Oh! and so you're only a kid!" And the man laughed. "Where do ye think you're goin'?"

"To California, sir."

"Have you got any money about you?"

Here was a fresh difficulty. Brocketts' heart sank again.

He replied frankly, "Only fifty cents, sir ; but you c'n have that." And he stretched out his hand with the money in it, which, however, the man refused.

"That wouldn't pay fer the ride you've already had. You certainly didn't expect to go all the way to California on fifty cents, did you?"

"No, sir," the boy answered truthfully, "I expected to go there for nothing. I didn't think you'd see me, though."

The man smiled, after which there was an awkward pause. Brocketts began to fear again ; but before it had got to the former point, the enemy himself rescued him from that condition. For while Brocketts was debating in his mind as to what course to pursue, his unwelcome visitor grabbed one of the iron bars just outside the door and vanished the way he had come.

What an agony of relief that was ! The lad began to breathe naturally again. But he refrained from sitting down any more with his legs dangling outside. The scenery could go, now. And this was no great loss, for after a time there was little else than sage brush and sand to be seen.

At Evanston, in Wyoming, he lost his train. He had gone out to procure some food, and wandered about too long. There was nothing to do, however, but wait patiently for the next one.

That next happened to be a passenger train. It stopped just as dusk was falling and while Brocketts loitered near the depot. Walking leisurely to the tank where the iron horse was drinking, he crossed the track immediately in front of the engine.

Now, he happened to observe a fine platform just under the headlight, with two rods running from the outer edge up to the number board, and everything looking for all the world as if it had been put there to ride on. Just as he was inspecting this with a view to its utility, the conductor shouted :

"All aboard !"

In a flash Brocketts threw himself on this ledge. In another flash the fiery steed shot off into the night.

That *was* a ride, surely ! The engine puffed and snorted. It trembled like a live thing. It plunged ever on and on. Its one eye threw a glaring funnel of light over the rails. All else was blackness. And there sat Brocketts, a mere speck of a boy under that eye, holding on with desperation to the rods on either side of him. He was hatless, for he had had presence of mind

enough, at the start, to secure it under him. His hair stood up in the wind, or rather fell back over his head. His face was leprous with terror. His eyes, now shut tight, now staring like a spectre's, almost flew out of their sockets. To move was certain death. To sit still, it might be, was death also. But he held on.

At the first stopping he scrambled off like one possessed, and searched for another place. There was just time for him to get on the front platform of the blind baggage, immediately behind the engine, in the midst of a crowd of ill-smelling Indians in red blankets. Some trainmen, passing, held up a lantern and wondered at his scared countenance. Then the black demon plunged again into the night.

But here was a fresh peril. He could stand the smell of his neighbors. The fear of them did not smite his heart. But great floods of sparks from the smoke stack rained upon him—into his face and on his hair and clothes, each one of them burning hot as from the flames of Tartarus. This pitiless hail of red cinders he stood for hours. He had constantly to shift his position, much to the annoyance of the bucks and the amusement of the squaws, till in the long run he was driven to seek shelter under one of the women's blankets.

(To be Continued)

President John L. Herrick, of the Western States mission, writes from Denver, Colorado, December 7: "It may be of rather unusual



interest to those who read the missionary news to know that upon a recent visit of the writer at Jamestown, North Dakota, where no one has yet been converted, the Church building that was hired for the occasion, to hold conference in, was filled to overflowing, and the principal newspaper of the town printed a column article about the meeting and the work of the Latter-day

Saints in that section. The group of elders laboring at Jamestown is given: Left to right, E. C. Cook, Dingle, Idaho; Conference President A. A. Rose, Midway; W. R. Hoover, Provo, Utah; front, J. S. Esplin, Orderville, Utah,

From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

XII.

In our last number the advance company had arrived near the Bear river. The journal continues:

Sunday, July 11. We remained in our place. A sulphur spring was discovered near our camp, also a spring of what is called mineral tar or bituminous pitch, being, in the opinion of Professor Carrington, about 87 per cent carbon. Some of our men filled up their tar buckets and used it for wheel grease.

12th. We crossed the Bear river, which was about two feet deep with rapid current running north, and continued our course a little south of west sixteen and a half miles, over a country somewhat mountainous though generally of a smooth surface. There has been a very evident improvement in the soil productions and general appearance of the country since we left Fort Bridger, but more particularly since we crossed Bear river. The mountain sage has in a great measure given place to grass and a variety of prairie flowers and scrub cedars upon the sides of the hills. We crossed the Bear River Divide this afternoon and descended from the head of a narrow vale about three miles, and camped at the head of a broad and beautiful opening of the valley, where two small springs run west. Here we found excellent spring water, deep, black soil, and the best feed for our stock we have had on our route. We named it Matthew's Vale. On our right, in the side of the bluff, was a curious cave, extending under a broad, shelving rock, which, by some means among the boys, gained the title of Riding's Cave. Today we have had ten antelope brought into camp, and there seems to be plenty of game west of Bear river, but between the pass and Bear river we saw but little. We saw bones and ancient signs of buffalo, but we are told

by mountaineers that there have been none of these animals west of the pass for some years.

The President being taken with a severe illness, and Captain Rockwood of the first division being nigh unto death, and many others of the camp sick, it was thought advisable to stop. Twenty-three of the best teams were selected, with the ablest men (Professor Orson Pratt at their head), to set forward and prepare the way, and to make their way over the Lake mountains around the Weber river canyon. The balance of us remained in camp until Thursday afternoon, the 15th instant, when, the sick being on the mend, we again took up the line of march, and traveled down a vale four and a half miles, the President and Colonel Rockwood riding upon a bed in a carriage.

16th. We continued down the same valley six and a half miles and camped about a mile from the main fork of Weber river. Our descent was very rapid all day, while the top of the bluffs seemed to maintain about the same level. Down this narrow vale runs a small creek, fed by the springs of the valley, which we had to cross about every half mile. Towards night, for about one-half or three-quarters of a mile, the whole camp seemed perfectly immersed in a dense thicket of large shrubbery and weeds with scattering trees which filled the valley. As we emerged from the thicket we passed through some extensive beds of what mountaineers call "wild wheat," small patches of which we have seen all the way from Bear river. On the right hand, from the thicket down to the river, is a range (nearly perpendicular) of conglomerate rock or pudding-stone of immense height. On the left, the bluffs, though equally high, were a little more sloping, and covered with vegetation. The extreme heights on either side of this evening's encampment are probably not less than 1,500 feet, and the valley about one-third of a mile wide.

17th. We followed down the creek to where it forms a junction at right angles with the river, which here runs about north-west, down which we traveled about one and a half miles, when the President, growing worse, became unable to ride, and we camped upon the right bank of the river, two and a half miles from our last night's encampment. This afternoon a quorum of the Priesthood ascended the heights about two miles, and appeared before the Lord, and offered up their united prayers in behalf of President Young and the sick in camp, and the Saints who are

following, as well as for our wives and children whom we have left behind. As we descended, we discovered in the head of a deep ravine that opens to the river valley, a conglomerate column, about one hundred and twenty-five feet high, thirty feet in diameter at the base, and ten at the top. The round stones composing the column vary in size from a pebble to those that would weigh five hundred pounds.. Its top may be seen from the road about one and a half miles below the mouth of the small creek. Upon a further examination of these hills, we found numerous smaller towers of a similar kind, resembling old factory or furnace chimneys, all situated in the heads of hollows extending up near high points of the hills, and masses of stone below them, showing a continual wearing down of these columns, though in the wearing down of the hills these had so far resisted the operation of the elements. In many places we found where similar columns had been prostrated, and, sliding down the rugged steep, had formed windrows of stone resembling a prostrated wall.

Sunday, the 18th. We had a prayer meeting in camp, remembering before the Lord the case of the President and the sick in camp, and also in the afternoon a meeting for breaking bread and instruction and exhortation. We had an excellent meeting. The Holy Spirit was upon us, and faith seemed to spring up in every bosom. In the afternoon the President, who had been nigh unto death, was very sensibly better, and the effects of the prayers of the brethren were visible throughout the camp.

Monday, the 19th. The President and the Twelve thought it not advisable for the camp to wait longer for him, and about forty teams left our encampment on the Weber, accompanied by Apostles Willard Richards and George A. Smith, with instructions to follow the advance company led by Elder Pratt, and halt at the first suitable spot after reaching the lake valley and put in our seed potatoes, buckwheat, turnips, etc., regardless of our final location. Elders Kimball, Woodruff and Benson, and others, remained with the President and the sick. We followed down the river about three miles, forded it, came in sight of the canyon, where, turning to the left, we took Pratt's Pass and ascended a mountain, which was a gradual rise, frequently crossing the rivulet which flowed down the valley. We passed several excellent springs, and reached the summit a little after noon, which was about six miles from the river. Our descent was over a rough

road, which we found necessary often to stop to repair, though our advance company had worked it much. We descended nearly five miles, and struck a large creek, which proved to be a branch of the Weber river, which Elder Pratt named Canyon Creek, from the fact of its entering a tremendous, impassable canyon, just below where the road strikes it, and also winds its way between these mountain cliffs and empties into the river between the upper and lower canyons on that stream. Here the road took up the creek south, and the snowy mountains, encircling us on the south and west, rearing their heads above the intervening mountains, showed us plainly that our climbing was not yet at an end. We stopped tonight on a small patch of grass, surrounded by the thick shrubbery on this creek, having traveled thirteen and three-fourths miles.

(To be continued)



ELDERS OF THE LOUISIANA CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Calvin C. Pendleton, Cedar City, Utah; Edwin R. Bulkley, Burley, Idaho; Paul E. Wrathall, Grantsville, William W. Farley, Peterson, T. Norton Brunker, Willard, Thomas S. Butterfield, Herriman, Utah. Front row: Ray Parkinson, McCammon, William H. Facer, Malad, Idaho; Conference President John W. Arrington, Milford, Utah; John H. Hutchinson, Marysville, Idaho; Price Brinkerhoff, Woodruff, Arizona.

Tribute to Erastus Snow

BY HEBER J. GRANT, OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE
APOSTLES

[Elder Heber J. Grant, being unable personally to attend the Home-coming exercises at St. George last Fall, sent a letter of regret, under date of September 14, 1911, to President Edward H. Snow, of the St. George stake, which contains a well-deserved tribute to Erastus Snow, the colonizer and pioneer, and founder of St. George. We are permitted to make the following extracts.—Editors.]

Dear Brother Snow: I cannot tell you how much I regret not being in St. George yesterday morning when your "home-coming" exercises commenced. I have been looking forward for months to the pleasure of meeting you. I am with you in spirit, if absent in person. You are going to have a glorious time, and one long to be remembered with pleasure. I hope and pray that nothing may happen to mar the pleasure of the occasion. As a pioneer and colonizer, I look upon your father as having been second only to Brigham Young, among that wonderful body of men who were the early members of the Church, in the settlement of Utah.

When I was made one of the leaders of the Church, no words of mine could express the weight of responsibility which came to me. I was grateful to have been so honored of the Lord. My cousin, Anthony W. Ivins, was in the City of Mexico at the time, and I sent him a copy of the revelation given to President John Taylor, calling Brother George Teasdale and me to the Council of the Twelve, and a copy of the blessing given me in my ordination, and wrote him that I looked upon your father as the ideal apostle in the Council, at the time. He was in very deed the servant of the people, and labored unselfishly for their advancement. During the years of my association with him, from October, 1882, until his death, I saw nothing in his public or private life to change, in the least degree, the splendid opinion I had formed of him prior to my being called to the quorum. No men on earth are more intimately associated than the members of our quorum, and nowhere are men better able to judge their fellow men than in our Council.

Your father was loyal, true, patriotic, devoted. There are no words of mine too strong to do full justice to his memory, and pay him the full meed of praise to which he is entitled. In thought, word, and deed, he was true to God, his Church, and his fellowmen. Like Nephi of old, my dear brother, you have been born of goodly parents. From the bottom of my heart I earnestly pray that you and all of the sons and daughters of Erastus Snow may so live that your lives will be

worthy of the noble example of your most splendid father. I could go on writing you of your father's life and labors, which were an inspiration to me, for an hour or two, but I will only pay him one more tribute. I want you to get, if you do not have it, the little pamphlet giving the talks at the funeral of the Prophet Brigham Young. To my mind your father's was the finest tribute to that great man which was paid to him on the occasion of his funeral. Your father was one of the greatest of the men who sat in Utah's legislature, from time to time. * * * *

It is a real pleasure to sit here and pay this tribute of love and respect to your father. I said I would mention one item, and then close, but I cannot do justice to my feelings and fail to mention one more of the things which made me love your father.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." James 1:27.

Your father's life was an example of "pure religion and undefiled before God."

He came to conference from St. George, twice a year, and there were some ten or fifteen widows whose homes he never failed to visit; and if he could arrange to take a meal with these widows, he did so. My dear mother's home was one of those honored by his visits; and I thank the Lord for this, as but for mother being so honored I should never, in my youth and young manhood, have learned to know and love him as I did. I saw more, by far, of your father, and had more counsel, love and advice given to me by him, notwithstanding he lived three hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake, and had a ten-days' journey to get to conference, than from any other of the leading brethren in the Church. I have never known a father's love, but many men have given me, as far as this was possible, the love of a father; and your father was one of the chief among the number. Not only did I have your father's love and counsel, in the home of my beloved mother, but I had it often in the home of another of the widows where his love and blessings were extended, and where the young lady, who afterwards became my wife, called him "Uncle Erastus," a title which I, with much pleasure, appropriated after he had married to me my dear departed Lucy. I have always been thankful that I went clear to St George to have your father seal Lucy to me.

Bishop Edwin D. Woolley was a father to me, all the days of his life, and I would love to pay him a tribute. Uncle Israel gave me all the love of his big heart. My mother's sister, Aunt Anna, than whom I have never known a purer, sweeter soul, was second only to my mother in my affections. As a boy, I loved my cousin Caddie, and my love for her grew with my years. I could go on writing for hours in praise of those I loved, and who had so much to do in settling "Dixie," in person, or by their descendants, but I must close. The clock has just struck three a. m., and I will say good morning, and go back 'o bed. I have been rather an early riser this morning. I woke

up a few minutes after one, and my mind and heart were in St. George, and I knew I could not go to sleep for two or three hours, and so concluded to have a visit with you, on paper, which was the next best thing to seeing you in person.

May God bless you and yours and all of the posterity of Erastus Snow, and the noble band of men and women who aided him in redeeming 'Dixie,' is my most earnest and heartfelt prayer.

Wishing for you, one and all, peace, prosperity and happiness, throughout the journey of life, and an eternity of joy in the life to come, I am, with love,

Your affectionate brother, HEBER J. GRANT.

Elder Grant at the same time sent a letter to Willard Snow, at Salt Lake City, from which we make these extracts:

My Dear Willard: It was a source of keen regret to me to not have the pleasure of attending the "home-coming" at St. George. Yesterday morning, I wrote my regrets to your brother Edward H. I am sure you will read my tribute of love and respect to your dear, departed father with some interest, and therefore, I am handing you a copy. I recall the fact that you are one of the sons who not only had a father second to none in the Church, for devotion to the work of the Lord, but that like myself and my cousin Anthony, you had a mother who was among the most devoted and lovable women I have ever known. Mother, Aunt Anna, and your mother were devoted friends. Josh Billings once said, "Never judge a man by his relatives; he can't help them, they are crowded upon him. But judge him by the company he keeps, because he picks his own."

Judging your mother by mine, and Aunt Anna, I do not know a higher compliment that I could pay her. There are a few sermons which I have preached, in my life, that I shall never forget, because of the great liberty that I had in speaking. There is nothing in all the world that I have ever experienced that can equal the supreme joy and satisfaction which one experiences on occasions of this kind. We do not say anything new, or, in case what is said is published, there is nothing which will strike the average reader's mind as being remarkable; but it was the Spirit that gave life to what was said, and that filled the heart to overflowing with gratitude for the inspiration which we felt. I well remember meetings with the elders, when in the European mission, that lasted for hours, and where the rich outpourings of the good Spirit were so great that nearly every man was melted to tears. One of the brightest spots in my life, at a funeral, came to me in the Eighteenth ward, at the funeral of your dear mother, on account of the blessings of the Lord poured out with a rich portion of his Spirit. Her noble life was an inspiration to me, and in paying my tribute to her, I was blessed of the Lord as I have seldom been blessed in my remarks at a funeral. I recall that, after the funeral, Lorenzo D. Young walked up to me; he was not then in the Church, having lost his standing, and with tears running down his face, he expressed his approval of all that I had said, and his deep sorrow that

his bad and careless habits had such a hold upon him that he could not live the gospel. He said, "Heber Grant, you no more know the gospel is true than I do." I have never forgotten his deep sorrow, and how my heart went out in love and deep sympathy to my dear childhood, boyhood, and manhood, friend. We had been near and dear friends all our lives, and I could not help loving "Renz" for the big heart he had, although heartily disliking the life he led. His life is a warning to us, one and all, that we must not neglect small duties, as they are sure to lead us to the neglect of larger ones. * * * * *

There is no good thing, no blessing, my dear Willard, which I would not gladly see come to you and yours. Gusta and Dora have always been devoted friends, and I hope their friendship may continue throughout the eternities to come. Gusta and Mary went to St. George to the "home-coming." I am inclined to think Gusta would have backed out when I gave up the trip, had she not been appointed to attend the convention of the Young Ladies, which is being held in connection with the quarterly conference.

With love and blessings for you and yours, I am, your affectionate brother,

HEBER J. GRANT.

Elder H. M. Whitaker, president of the Georgia conference, gives an account of the conference just convened at Atlanta. Elder Heber J. Grant, of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, with Mission President Charles A. Callis, were in attendance. Elder Grant had the privilege of speaking in the First

Universalist Church, in Atlanta, by the minister's invitation. The Latter-day Saints as a body attended the services. "Our hearts beat with gratitude as we listened to Elder Grant's inspired words, realizing that we were under the voice of an apostle of Jesus Christ. By the request of the



minister, Elder Grant spoke on the subject, Why I am a "Mormon," and if ever a man spoke with the force and power of conviction, Elder Grant did, at that time. At the close of the sermon, the pastor of the church told his audience that for once in his life he had heard a man speak who thoroughly believed every word he uttered, and he wished that the members of his church would partake of the inspiration." The elders in the photo are, left to right: Robert H. Wallace, Rexburg, Idaho; Clarence Hart, Menan, Idaho; Milton H. Whitaker, Kanosh, Utah; Willard C. Stolworthy, Kirtland, New Mexico. They compose what has been christened the "Gate City Quartet."

A Young Sculptor

In nearly every New York newspaper recently, also in *Harper's Weekly*, *The Youth's Companion*, and other eastern publications, there have been long and flattering notices of the art work of Avard Fairbanks, a Utah boy, son of J. B. Fairbanks and Lillie A. Huish Fairbanks, born February 26, 1897, in Provo. His mother died when the boy was only a year and two months old. He is the youngest of eight boys in the family, all of whom were taken care of by their only sister, who was less than twenty years of age when the mother died. The father of Avard, and also his oldest brother, J. Leo Fairbanks, are artists, the latter also being a sculptor.

The buffalo herewith was moulded by Avard and dedicated to the public schools of the United States. Avard has always taken some interest in watching his brother and father work. About the only talent he manifested was his willingness to try. In the public schools of Salt Lake City he seemed to take a pride in the fact that his brother was art supervisor, which appeared to inspire him with a desire to do better than the other children. In the fifth and sixth grades he did some very clever modeling. When only twelve years of age he took great delight in visiting his brother's studio and watching a young school boy, John Snyder, draw and paint. The vacation mornings were spent in this way for nearly a week, when Avard one morning said: "I believe I can draw as well as that boy. Will you let me try?" Of course, the opportunity was given him, but he was disappointed with his effort, and said, as a kind of consolation to himself: "Well, I can beat him modeling."

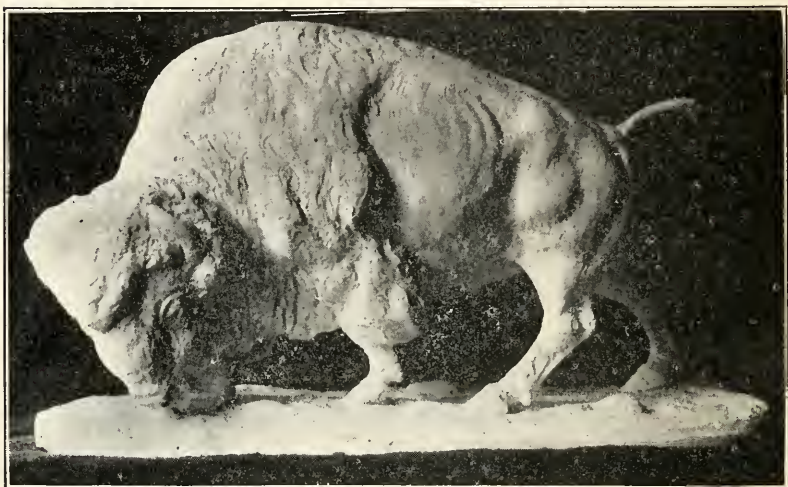


AVARD FAIRBANKS

Next morning John saw Avard with a large piece of mud working from a rabbit. It proved to be a splendid model, but it was spoiled in the casting, because the older brother wanted the boy to gain the experience of casting. He cried over the figure,

but determined to make a larger and better one, which was nearly life size. It was exhibited at the state fair in 1909.

While the two boys were working at their separate tasks, the elder brother was modeling a mountain lion from a drawing which he had made in the New York Bronx Park the preceding



Buffalo—by Avard Fairbanks.

summer. During the remainder of the year Avard was much occupied with play and his school work, but managed to make a few figures and a little relief portrait of his father. The father went to New York in February, and in June Avard was taken to his father for company, and partly to relieve his sister of her many duties. The thought of an effort to educate him in art did not enter the transaction. He was anxious to complete the eighth grade, but thought he might do it in New York the following winter. In New York he went to the Metropolitan Gallery because there was nothing else for him to do. To occupy his time, the secretary of the museum was asked to issue a permit that would allow the boy to copy some of the sculpture in clay. After much pleading, and promises to take the young artist from the gallery if he were not steady and serious, a permit was granted.

There was always a crowd around the youth's modeling stand, and his work was so good that apologies were hardly enough to relieve the secretary of his embarrassment in having

wished to withhold the permit. With this success, Avard wanted to go to the Bronx Park and mould the lions that his brother had tried. Here he attracted the attention of the keepers, who secured the sculptors' studio for him to work in. Any animal he wanted to mould would be brought him in a cage. Noted animal sculptors worked in the studio with him, gave assistance, and criticized his work. The famous animal anatomist, Mr. King, became interested in him. Other admirers watched him; and newspaper articles praised him and showed his work. A special scholarship in the New York Student's Art League was secured for him.

At thirteen years of age he exhibited in the National Academy of Design, and at fourteen he has again exhibited. He is the youngest artist who ever exhibited in this exclusive exhibition. This year he has secured another scholarship, and is improving steadily. Mr. Dallin says of his buffalo that he has no criticism to offer on it. The distinction that has already come to him is the envy of many older artists. Tiffany & Company have had some of his work cast in bronze, in order to have the exclusive sale. Gorman & Company, the next largest dealers in fine bronze in the country, have had casts made from some of his other work. From the sale of these bronzes the boy obtains a royalty which is helping him a little, but not enough to furnish him with the money he requires, and he is really in need of financial assistance. He is steady, sincere, earnest, and much in love with his religion.

—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

E. D. Clyde, Jr., writing from Fremont, Nebraska, December 1, says that the work is progressing nicely in that district. In the course of a few weeks the elders have made many earnest friends, who manifest considerable interest in the gospel message. The elders are, left to right, back row: R. A. Goody, Clarkston; A. T. Smith, Wanship; front row: J. H. Robertson, Fountain Green, Utah; W. W. Williams, conference president, Samaria, Idaho; E. D. Clyde, Jr., Heber, Utah.



Editor's Table.

Every Day Affairs.

The following are the concluding remarks by President Joseph F. Smith at the late October conference:

Now, my brethren and sisters, I want to thank you on behalf of myself and counselors, the council of the apostles, the seventies, the Patriarch and the presiding bishopric, who are the general authorities, for the unanimity that has been manifested here by the uplifted hands of this vast congregation, with reference to the matters that have been presented to you. I understand this as an evidence of good will, of faith and of fellowship, on the part of this vast congregation to all the authorities, both general and local, or auxiliary that have been presented before you, and that you will all abide the pledge you have given to the Lord, and to one another, by the uplifted hand, that you all mean to uphold and sustain these officers in all these various organizations, from first to last; that you will not back-bite them, that you will not find fault with them without a cause, that you will not try to injure their influence or hinder their progress, or interfere with their legitimate work, but that, on the contrary, you will do everything you can to help them, to benefit them, bless them, and encourage them in the good work in which they are engaged.

Now, may the Lord God Almighty bless and preserve his servants from evil works, from all error and mistakes. Oh, that the Lord God will guide his people, and not leave them to the guidance of man. I testify to you that no man has ever led the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the sense that by his own wisdom and intelligence, and by his personal power and influence, he did it. I maintain and testify to you that it has been the power of God that has guided this people from the days of the Prophet Joseph down to the present moment. No man of himself is responsible for it. Therefore I pray that the Lord may bless his servants, that they may do nothing contrary to his will, that they may do nothing injurious to his work, that they may not lay any block or obstacle in the way of the progress of the kingdom of God, that

they may do nothing to grieve or hurt the feelings of the faithful children of the Father, throughout all the Church.

And I pray God to bless every organization of the Holy Priesthood that was revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, from the deacon to the apostle, each in its place, and each man in his place, and that the Lord may help each one to perform his duty, whether that duty may be great or small. I pray God to bless the teachers, the men that are called by the bishops and sent out among the Latter-day Saints to teach them the principles of right living, the principles of the Gospel, the principles of unity, of harmony, of righteousness and of equality and justice, the principle of love and kindness between husband and wife, between parents and children, between neighbors, and in every way to teach the people righteousness, faith in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Spirit which proceeds from the Father and the Son, and bears witness of them to the children of men, faith in the Prophet Joseph Smith and in the divinity of his mission, faith in the intent and purpose and power of God to carry out his purposes and designs among the children of men, and faith in the destiny of God's work, in the destiny of his people, that we may not wander away nor be misled into error and doubt by those who are cunning and crafty, and who lay in wait to deceive and mislead the people of God, from their righteous ways.

I pray God to bless all our auxiliary organizations, from the first to the last, that they may do their duty, that they may not sit idly down and neglect to work. The idler is not in favor before the Lord, and he that is idle is in danger of temptation, and of falling into the power of the adversary. We are only safe when we are doing, when we are at work, when we are in earnest, when we are engaged in the discharge of our duty; and when this condition exists with us, we are safe, for then we are in the hands of God, and not in the hand of the adversary.

Oh God, bless the Holy Priesthood, these noble men, pure men, just men, men of honor, men of integrity, men who have gathered out, many of them, from the nations of the earth for the love of the gospel, and many of them have been born under the covenant of the Holy Priesthood,—and I pray God to bless you, my brethren, with an abundance of his goodness, of his mercy and loving kindness, that you may prosper in the land, that you may be indeed truly his servants.

I pray you, and I pray God to help you, fathers and mothers, to teach your children the principles and precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that they will grow up without sin unto salvation. I pray that God will help you to rear your children in the love of truth, in the love of virtue, free from the contaminating vices of the world, free from defilement, from drunkenness, from the use of tobacco, from strong drinks and narcotics, and vice of every description, that you will teach them to be pure in their lives,—in their habits, that they may be holy temples in which the Spirit of the living God may dwell and find congenial habitation. It is your duty to do it, and it is my duty; it is the duty of every man living to teach his family these things, and bring them up in the way they should go.

May the Lord bless our Presiding Bishopric, on whom rests so much responsibility of gathering and assisting in keeping the records, receiving and disbursing the tithes of the people for every purpose for which it is appropriated towards the building up of Zion, the building of temples and school houses, the compensation of teachers in our schools, the care of the poor, and the paying of other expenses. O may the Lord bless our Bishopric that they may be fathers and not masters, that they may be tender in their hearts towards God's poor, and wise and prudent with reference to the "poor devils" who would impose upon them and upon the Church, if they could. May the Lord bless them with wisdom, knowledge and understanding, that they may not be deceived, that they may not yield to any kind of temptation, but that they may be true and faithful before God, that they will be able to give a faithful account of their stewardship before all the people of the Church, and, when necessary, before the people of the world, but more especially before the great Judge of the quick and the dead, for it is to him that we will eventually have to answer for every work and every word that we have done and said in this life. For every man will be rewarded according to his works, whether they be good or evil.

The Lord God bless Israel, not only all Israel, but the honest in heart in all the world. The Lord bless the Executive of this great Nation, the man that stands at the head, together with his Cabinet, that they also may be men of wisdom and of sound judgment, that they may be able to devise ways of peace and good will on earth, that there may be peace everywhere, that war may

cease, that strife, contention and oppression, of every description, may be checked and subdued by the wisdom of the great statesmen and capable, honest judges of our country. One of the greatest menaces to our country is that of the combination of men into irresponsible, reckless mobs, wild with prejudice and fanaticism, led by men of ambition, or passion, or hatred. There is no other thing in the world that I can conceive of so absolutely obnoxious to God and to good men as a combination of men and women filled with the spirit of mobocracy. When men combine together to stop or shut off the food supply from the mouth of the honest laborer, to starve the man that is willing to work, and the wife and the children who are dependent upon him, because he is not willing to join a mob, that is one of the most infamous perils and menaces to the people of our country today. I do not care who they are, or what name they go by. They are a menace to the peace of the world, and I hope and pray that President William H. Taft and his Cabinet and the Congress of the United States will be able to devise means and measures by which the constitutional laws of this government will be executed for the protection of the lives, the liberty and happiness of all its people, against mobocracy of every kind and description. Whether it be in the form of soulless corporations, monopolies, or other combinations, it matters not to me. Let the strong hand of the government put a stop to any thing that is tyrannical and unjust, anarchy and all else calculated to sow the seeds of destruction, poverty and ruin upon our land.

Now I must quit, so that you can catch the train. The Lord bless all Israel. The Lord bless our government and make it great, and help those who are at the helm to increase its greatness, and that it may be sustained on the principles of eternal justice, righteousness and truth.

I pray God to bless our choir; not only this choir, but all the other good choirs of the Latter-day Saints, and especially this, on this occasion, when they are about to start from here to visit New York and to sing for the world. I pray that the Lord will give them success, help them to win honor and laurels for the people of Utah, for the singers of Zion, and especially for the great Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir. The Lord bless Brother Stephens, at their head, and Brother McClellan and those assisting them, that they may be true to their trust, honorable, and faithful, and carry with them the virtues and honor that men cannot bestow, and that only exist in the souls of the righteous.

Two Corrections

Of course, most people have read of the ancient calf and the faithfulness with which generations of men followed and built in and beside his devious path. That such things are still done was shown in the January issue of the *Era*, in the illustrations to the article, "Tour of the Tabernacle Choir," page 240, where the associate editor fell in line with the photographer of the sacred grove, and said it was "where Joseph Smith held communion with the angel." Now everybody knows that it was here that Joseph held communion with the Father and the Son, and it should have been so stated, regardless of the photographer's dictum. Again, on page 242, the old home of the Prophet is shown, "where the angel visited him and a part of the Book of Mormon was translated." Now, the fact is that Alvin Smith died in November, 1824, and the house was not built until after his death, while the visit of the angel was made in 1823, when Joseph lived in a little house a very short distance from the building here shown, and which is now obliterated. In this instance, we followed the statements made to visitors, including members of the Tabernacle choir. Again the calf-path. It remains only to be said, in addition, that there is no historical evidence to prove that any part of the Book of Mormon was ever translated in Palmyra, that being principally done in Pennsylvania, and in Fayette, Seneca county, New York.

Messages from the Missions

An elder traveling in England writes, under date of November 22, of an amusing incident which occurred while he was traveling from Bristol to Liverpool. He says: "I stepped into a railroad compartment occupied by a woman of middle age, neatly dressed, and intelligent, and her three children—a boy and two girls, the youngest being five years old. I said to her: 'These are beautiful children. Are they all you have?' She answered: 'Yes, and they are quite sufficient in number,' giving me the impression that she rather regarded them as a burden, and yet she appeared to be quite watchful over them as we journeyed along. Finally she reached for a basket from among her other luggage, for the purpose, as I supposed, of giving her children some lunch. When she opened it, a great Persian tom cat popped

into view. The animal completely filled the basket. The woman immediately reached for him, and hugging him to her heart, fondled and kissed him, with every manifestation of genuine pleasure and satisfaction. I was at first startled, and was then left to wonder whether the woman's love was going out to the three beautiful children, or the beautiful tom cat. It appeared for the time that the tom cat had the decided advantage, but I am not quite sure, at this writing, but that the advantage was permanent. Dogs and cats seem to have the right of way in this country, as in pretty much every country, except in Zion, among the Saints. The Lord forbid the day to come when these animals shall take the place of children in the midst of his people."

Elders H. C. Tippetts and John H. Bridge, writing from East Providence, R. I., December 9, state that the greater part of their work for the past six months has been done in the state of Connecticut, their headquarters being now at New Haven. July, August and September were principally spent in country work. They met with good success, and distributed much literature, and made many friends. Three baptisms were performed in November, and several applications were on hand for December. The headquarters of the conference has again removed to Providence, where there is a nice branch, with regular weekly sacrament meetings and Sunday school, all well-attended by Saints and investigators. They have elders in Pawtucket. Providence and East Providence, and there is good reason for hope for a bright future for the Rhode Island conference.



Jasper H. Robertson, Fremont, Nebraska, writes, December 20, stating that the elders in his field have splendid opportunities for explaining the gospel to the people. They obtained permission to use the Reorganite Church at Blair, where they held some very successful meetings. President W. W. Williams of Omaha, with Elder Ira Moore, were present with them and assisted in the services. The work of the Lord is progressing very nicely in this part of the state. The elders, left to right, top row, are: William P. Burton, Sandy, Utah; W. R. Sessions, Auburn, Wyo.; George D. Thornton, Neeley, Idaho; Jasper H. Robertson, Fountain Green, Utah; bottom row; Mrs. and President W. W. Williams, Samaria, Idaho.



Priesthood Quorums' Table

How to Take Up a Lesson.—Part II. In this lesson, I wish to say a word to the class teachers of our quorums. You must remember that a successful lesson, one full of thought and interest, depends pretty much upon your own preparation and appearance before the class. One can not teach what one does not know. This is always true. So, for you to be successful in your teaching, you must study your lessons well, and get hold of some important thoughts to give those who are under your direction. These thoughts must be clothed in as simple language as possible. Speak your way. Do not imitate any author or speaker, but give your thoughts in the language and expression that are characteristic of your own very selves. Many teachers make a mistake in trying to follow some one else's plan, and even using another's words and phraseology. In using the "Year Book," remember it is a text book, but no good teacher becomes the slave of the text, but he makes the text his servant and help.

The teacher must begin his preparation with an interest in the subject. He must remember that the best teachers never reach a point where preparation is unnecessary. He studies his lesson, for he is the directive force which is going to give life and vitality to the lesson. Just as he understands the lesson, so can he stimulate the brethren of the class to thought and careful study. In taking up a lesson, keep close to the subject. Do not allow the members to wander into untrodden paths and subjects, far from the lesson in hand. Question the class closely, but do not give too much detail on any one point. In listening to the answers given by the members, respect what each brother says, and keep always in mind that he has a view point, though he may not always be able to make himself clear. Your thought should simply be added to what is given by the other brethren, and at the close of the lesson you should be able to make some broad and sweeping generalization, so that the members of the class may go home with some definite thought. This becomes a part of their knowledge; in other words, a part of their very spiritual and intellectual make-up.

Should a member ask you a question about which you know little or nothing, frankly say so. Never try to answer a question about which you have given no thought or study. No teacher is able to answer all the questions asked him by those whom he is directing. Always stand before your class, and keep up the interest by all kinds of devices that will keep the minds of the members upon the subject. Be simple, be humble. Never be bombastic. Remember that a good teacher leads and directs, but also gives his students the feeling that he is one with them in obtaining knowledge.—Levi Edgar Young.

A Deacon with a Good Record. Bishop A. D. Miller, Jr., of Parker, Idaho, Yellowstone stake, calls attention to Joseph Housley, a young man who was the second counsellor in the third quorum of deacons of his ward, but on January 8, 1912, was made president of the first quorum. He states that the attendance of this young man at Priesthood meetings, for the year 1911, was perfect, he having attended every evening for the year, with the exception of the 11th of December, when he was confined to his bed with la grippe. Not only has his attendance at priesthood meetings been unusually excellent, but he has likewise faithfully attended his sacrament meetings, where he has taken part in the duties of a deacon in the passing of the sacrament, in attendance at the door, seating the people, and doing other duties. The bishop adds: "As a bishopric, we are proud of his record, and feel that he is entitled to worthy mention. He was born at Paradise, Cache county, October 9, 1896, and is the son of Joseph B. and Lydia Housley, who have lived in Parker for the past eight years. Young Joseph is in the seventh grade. This summer his father, who generally works at the saw mill, handled the town herd, and trusted most of the work to Joseph, who worked during the fall at threshing, topping beets, and general farm work. I venture he has gone to his meeting at different times without supper." There are doubtless thousands of other lads in the stakes of Zion who can show a similar record, and who, with him, get their reward in the joy of their labors.



JOSEPH HOUSLEY

Local Missionary Work. The fact that we need missionary work performed in the stakes and wards of the Church, as well as in the nations of the earth, is dawning upon the authorities of the Church in a number of stakes. Early in September the presidency of the Granite stake called sixty-one seventies, and on October 26, ordained them to labor in the various wards of the stake, among the people who were not members of the Church, as they would with people in the mission fields. Other stakes, notably Cassia, Duchesne, and Cache, have moved in the same direction. Good results have come from this in many ways.

On the 31st of December last, the presidency of the Utah stake of Zion addressed the following communication to the First Presidency of the Church, relating to similar work:

Dear Brethren: It has occurred to the presidency of this stake that it would be a good thing to appoint some special missionaries to operate in the Utah stake of Zion, exclusively among the population not belonging to our Church. In Provo, there are about two outsiders to every five Latter-day Saints; and outside of Provo there is about one outsider to every five Latter-day Saints; and the prospects are that within the very near future we shall have even a larger population of non-"Mormons" within our stake.

Already we have emphasized this feature with our ward teachers;

but we fear they will not be as successful in placing the gospel before the outside population as would special missionaries called for this purpose.

It seems to us that here is an excellent opportunity for the seventies to do a good work. Very few seventies are now in the mission field. Last year there were only five representatives from the five quorums of seventy in the stake. Our foreign mission work is carried on almost exclusively by the elders and high priests. We believe that we could select brethren from the seventies quorums who are capable, and who are willing to work exclusively, say for six months, putting in all their time; at any rate, we could find brethren who would put in part of their time, and no doubt would accomplish much.

We have a great many people in our stake who have recently come among us from the various states of the Union, and who are wholly unacquainted with the principles of the gospel, and doubtless they are as good people as the elders find when they go abroad; and should missionaries not succeed in converting many to the gospel, it would at least do one thing, and that is, it would create a friendly feeling among the "Mormons" and non-"Mormons," which, of course, is desirable.

We wish to know if a move in this direction would be approved by you. We do not intend to slack our efforts in this direction with our teachers, but we thought that more good might be done if some brethren were specially called for this purpose.

Very truly, your brethren,

JOSEPH B. KEELER,
J. WILLIAM KNIGHT,
AMOS N. MERRILL.

The Presidency of the Church, as in the case of the Granite stake authorities and others, approve of the suggestion to have men act as missionaries to labor among the non-members of the Church within the boundaries of Utah stake, and doubtless the subject will be taken up in other stakes of Zion.

Commendable Resolutions. The following resolution, approved by unanimous vote of the 143rd quorum of seventies, at La Grande, Oregon, Dec. 17, 1911, is one of great interest. It exhales the true and progressive spirit of the seventy, and we recommend its close consideration. The 143rd quorum has had many difficulties to overcome, as all good quorums have had, but the difficulties have been met and conquered, and now, at the beginning of the year 1912, we have the members resolving to perfect themselves in the work of the seventy:

Realizing the great necessity for a greater activity among the seventies of our quorum, both for our individual welfare and the harmonious growth and development of our stake, we resolve as follows:

That we will take upon ourselves literally the name of Christ, and go forth in the power and office of our calling for the following specific purposes:

To create, by our example and precept, a stronger desire among the members of our quorum to be energetic, faithful seventies, as our calling contemplates.

To perform faithfully every duty required of us by our stake presidency and bishops.

To render obedience to the laws of the Church relative to tithing, fasting, fast offerings, and the word of wisdom.

To be sober, industrious, law abiding, and charitable representatives of our country.

And remember ever, that to be a seventy means intellectual development, spiritual growth, and the attainment of spiritual power.

Out of Doors in the West. Everyone who has attempted to teach elementary general science in the west has found the great need of a text book dealing with western conditions. If it is botany one is teaching, one finds that most of the text books available deal with plant life unknown to the Great Plateau region. If it is zoology one is teaching, one finds, again, that the text books deal, in the main, with animal life native to other regions than that of the Great Plateau. Or if it is physical geography one is teaching, one finds that the text books deal with conditions of mountains, of valleys, of plains, of rivers, not commonly met with in the Rocky Mountain west. For a long time, therefore, it has been hoped that there would soon arise a man who would write a text book for classes in elementary general science, adapted to the conditions of our own west. As if in fulfillment of the teacher's wish, there comes now from the press of the Skelton Publishing Company, a book entitled "Out of Doors in the West." It is described on the title page as "Notes on Common Plants, Birds, and Insects of the Rocky Mountain Plateau." Part one, the volume now in hand, deals with "Sketches through Autumn and Winter." A second part, dealing with "Sketches through Spring and Summer," is promised. This extremely interesting and timely book is written by Dr. J. H. Paul, Professor of Nature Study in the University of Utah. As the title page indicates, the book is a selection of notes on Rocky Mountain plant and animal life. It cannot, therefore, possess the unity of structure that we should look for in a production wherein every succeeding step depends upon the preceding step. But the notes are well selected. They are well written, in an interesting and easy style. The book is profusely illustrated, with cuts and beautiful colored plates. It cannot but be both entertaining and instructive to both young and old. Moreover, the book is full of scientific matter in small type, to satisfy the demands of the student and teacher, who wants to know more of the common plants, birds, and insects, considered in the book. It is with sincere pleasure and appreciation that we recommend this addition to our home literature. Its value to the teacher in the grades, and in the secondary schools, can hardly be overestimated. Besides, the book can be read with interest by the general reader. We commend Dr. Paul's efforts, and shall look forward with joyful anticipation for the coming of the second part. At the book stores, price \$1.50.

Passing Events

Elder John Leonard Hill was killed in a railroad accident at Dickerson, Virginia, on the morning of January 9th. His home was in Springville, Utah county, which he left fourteen months ago on a mission to the Southern States. He was laboring in the Virginia conference.

John Carver, pioneer of Plan City, died at his home January 10. He was born at Dorstone, Herefordshire, England, August 6, 1822. He came to America in 1850, leading a company of pioneers across the plains in 1853. He was a life-long builder of Weber county, and was closely identified with many notable negotiations between the settlers and the Indians of that region.

A **Carnegie Library** was dedicated at Manti, Utah, January 2. All places of business were closed and a general holiday was observed. Governor William Spry, Superintendent of Schools A. C. Nelson, Professors J. H. Paul and Howard R. Driggs, state officers, were there. Eight hundred persons were present. In the evening a reception was held at the high school.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans died at his home in Washington, D. C., on January 3, 1912. He was born in Floyd county, Virginia, sixty-five years ago, and entered the naval academy at Annapolis when a mere boy, being appointed by Wm. H. Hooper, Utah's representative in Congress, in 1860. He took part in the civil war, and in the destruction of Cervera's fleet off Santiago, July 3, 1898, and he recently conducted the Atlantic fleet around the world. He was known the world over as "Fighting Bob."

The **Oregon Short Line Railroad**, in sending out their New Year greetings, name a few products originating on their line during 1911, and the list is very interesting, as showing what the new west is producing. The figures represent carloads: coal, 18,553; canned goods, 783; flour, 2,015; fruit, 1,442; grain, 7,645; hay, 5,372; livestock, 12,167; ore and bullion, 4,050; potatoes, 3,173; salt, 973; stone, 526; sugar, 1,432; sugar beets, 5,229; wool, 1,064; all of which goes to show that the country adjoining the Short Line is prosperous, and the year's increase will be greatly enlarged as the development of the country progresses.

Doctor Sun Yat Sen was elected president of the republic of China, December 29, by a convention of fifty delegates chosen by the revolutionary leaders, but notwithstanding this action, the peace commission is still continuing to make arrangements for the national convention to decide on the future form of government, and observers in Peking regard the election of Doctor Sun as only a strategic move on the part of the revolutionists. About the middle of January, it was expected daily that an edict would be issued announcing the

abdication of the throne, and the establishment of a republic, the people to elect a president.

Dr. James X. Allen, a pioneer physician of Utah, died at Ogden, December 27, 1911. He was born November 19, 1830, in Yorkshire, England, and baptized into the Church at the age of twelve. In 1853 he came to Ogden. He returned to St. Louis and joined the Union army, and served from 1861 to 1864. He graduated from the St. Louis Medical College, in 1867, returning to Ogden, where he was ordained a High Priest by Lorin Farr, in 1879. He was medical director of the Department of Utah, G. A. R., at his death, and at one time local commander. He is not unknown to the readers of the "Era," having contributed a number of articles for its pages.

"**The Great Temple**" is a pamphlet of 40 pages, paper cover, giving a description of the Salt Lake Temple, and the purposes for which it was built, written by D. M. McAllister, and published by the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City. The new edition just issued is richly illustrated with fine cuts, not only of the exterior, but also of the interior of the Temple, and the text is full of interesting doctrinal and descriptive information, valuable to strangers and Latter-day Saints alike. Through courtesy of the Bureau of Information, the "Era" presents six of the interior Temple pictures in this number in connection with Dr. Talmage's article, "The House of the Lord." Send orders for "The Great Temple," 25 cents, to the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City.

Biographical Sketch of James Jensen. No monument erected to the pioneers of our commonwealth is of such lasting value, both to the dead and the living, as the printed testimonies and life-sketches of the pioneers. If one were to choose a memento, and have his choice between a great stone monument and a printed book, the wise man would choose a printed book for himself. His posterity would likewise select a printed record as the most fitting, lasting and beneficial monument of any that could be produced. Hence, it is a pleasure to note that a number of the pioneers of our commonwealth are printing, while they still live, their experiences and thoughts, and leaving them to their posterity as monuments to their labors. One of this class of books, recently issued from the presses of the "Deseret News," is the biography of Bishop James Jensen, of Forest Dale, written by Dr. J. M. Tanner. In the space of 190 pages, the leading events in the life of this estimable character are set forth. The subject matter is interesting from beginning to end. Here is a man who came to this land with a handcart company, in 1857. His struggles and experiences in early life in Utah, on his missions, and in his official capacity in the Church are repeated in such a way as to create faith in every person who reads. The adventures on some pages are almost as interesting as a novel, and the accounts of the hand-dealings of the Lord with the man are wonderful. An appendix contains various official acts of the bishop, in his capacity as leader of the Forest Dale ward, testimonies of his worth by his friends, and a family genealogy.

A Mild and Wise Answer Turneth Away Wrath:

Fremont, Ohio.

To "Collier's Weekly":

By official action today of the Colonel George Croghan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, membership one hundred, I am authorized to express to you the chapter's disapproval of your course in opening your columns to the "Mormon" cause. The "Mormon" religion, with its consequent polygamy should be suppressed. Sincerely yours,

OLGA SMITH WALTERS, Sec.

November 2, 1911.

Mrs. John F. Walters,

1028 Garrison Street, Fremont, Ohio.

My Dear Madam: I beg to acknowledge yours of the 30th, and regret the view taken by the chapter.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that we disapprove of polygamy, but your proposition that the "Mormon" "religion" should therefore be suppressed seems to us to reflect the view of those who have not studied "Mormonism" very closely. Polygamy is not only a minor part of the system, but it is a rapidly decreasing part. "Suppressing" a religion is a very delicate matter to undertake in a free country--though, of course, it is right and proper to suppress illegal acts, whether they are done in the guise of religion or not.

Yours sincerely,

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

—"Collier's Weekly," Nov. 25.

New Wards and Changes for the Month of December, 1911, as reported by the Presiding Bishops' Office:

New Wards. Liberty ward, Uintah stake, organized with Chas. B. Bartlett, bishop, and Parley Goodrich, ward clerk; Penrose ward, Big Horn stake, organized with Seth A. Johnson, bishop, and Wm. Blackburn, ward clerk.

Bishops. James A. Christensen sustained as bishop of the Redmond ward, Sevier stake, to succeed Martin Jensen; Jos. F. Killburn, as bishop of the Millburn ward, Woodruff stake, to succeed Jos. Horrocks; Thomas R. Wilson, as bishop (acting) of the Pratt ward, Teton stake, to succeed David E. Rigby; John H. Kemp, as bishop of the Greenville ward, Cache stake, to succeed N. W. Crookston; Wm. P. Fullmer, Jr., as bishop of the Wallsburg ward, Wasatch stake, to succeed George P. Garff.

Ward Clerks. Alfred R. Meeks appointed to be ward clerk of the Orderville ward, Kanab stake, to succeed Francis L. Porter; John H. Boehme, ward clerk of the Geneva ward, Bear Lake stake, to succeed Edward Bischoff; Victor E. Gustavesen, ward clerk of the River Heights ward, Cache stake, to succeed John Anderson; Charles Chris-

tensen, to be ward clerk of the Pratt ward, Teton stake, to succeed J. Arthur Horne; James M. Forsythe, ward clerk of the Garfield ward, Pioneer stake; Nephi O. Perkins, ward clerk of the Sunnyside ward, Carbon stake, to succeed Albert E. Hopkinson; Peter Marion Mortensen, ward clerk of the Sanford ward, San Luis stake, to succeed Job H. Whitney; A. L. Peterson, ward clerk of the Mt. Pleasant South ward, North Sanpete stake, to succeed Albert W. Winkler; James E. Hoyle, ward clerk of the Union ward, Union stake, to succeed L. W. Morton; Harry Hackwell, ward clerk of the Indianola ward, North Sanpete stake, to succeed George Bradford; James A. Facer, ward clerk of the Cherry Creek ward, Malad stake, to succeed Wilford O. Nuttle.

Scrap Book of "Mormon" Literature. It is remarkable how the principles of the gospel may be set forth in a new way by every person who undertakes to present them, and yet remain the same principles in basic fact. In the eighty-two years that the Church has been organized, many elders who have proclaimed the gospel have written its primary principles, and each particular elder has had a following of converts to the principles thus set forth. One can easily see that in these many years an accumulation of splendid papers on the subject has resulted. It has been the effort of President Ben E. Rich, of the Eastern States mission, to make a compilation of these religious tracts used by the elders in the different nations of the earth, and to reprint and present them in uniform, bound volumes. This effort has resulted in two books, of 553 and 567 pages respectively, making a total of 1,120 pages. These represent, of course, a gleaning from the vast field of the gospel tracts published, and it has been no small task to select out of the great number the best and most appropriate for preservation. No matter how well the work has been done, in these two volumes, there must be some selections which perhaps another editor would have chosen which are left out, and also others chosen which other editors would have omitted. It cannot, therefore, be said that the compilation is complete in every respect, but we must all agree that it is so well done that no person pretending to be familiar with Church literature will wish to be without these two splendid volumes. One of the excellent characteristics is the doctrinal index, which covers many leading items of doctrine revealed in the great latter-day gospel plan. The reader will find much in these volumes to remind him of his missionary days. His children will be able from these books to become acquainted with the fundamental doctrines of the gospel; and the youth of Zion will find much to prepare them for the missionary field, while the general reader, who has been converted to the gospel, will find pleasure in perusing the arguments and facts which are here gathered, and which were perhaps the means of converting them to the gospel of Jesus Christ. A characteristic of the book also are selections of striking sentiments from the Prophet Joseph Smith, and later presidents and leaders of the Church.

New President for the Swiss-German Mission. Elder H. W. Valentine has been selected by the First Presidency as the president of the Swiss-German mission, to succeed President Thomas E. McKay. Elder Valentine, with his wife, left Salt Lake City on December 15, sailing from St. Johns, New Brunswick, December 22, on the steamship "Hesperian." They proceeded direct to Zurich, Switzerland, the headquarters of the mission. Elder Valentine was born in Brigham City, Utah, March 4, 1873. His father dying on the 26th of September, 1877, left his mother with a family of six small children, one of whom was born six weeks after the death of the father. In the midst of poverty this wise and prudent mother reared her children, teaching

them frugality and industry. She gave them a good common school education, and Hyrum W. completed a high school course at Brigham City, then entered the Agricultural College, Logan, in 1899. He received a call for a mission in January, 1900, and on the 12th of February that year entered the B. Y. College at Logan, where he took a missionary course, leaving for his field of labor in Germany, October 9, and arriving November 1, 1900. While there he presided a portion of the time over the Dresden conference, occupying that position until



'HYRUM W. VALENTINE'

his release, July 1, 1903. Returning home, he was appointed superintendent of the Second ward Sunday school, in October, 1903. In May, 1905, he organized the Valentine Fruit Company, and became its manager, which position he has held until the present time. On August 17, 1905, he was married to Rose Ellen Bywater, the accomplished daughter of James Bywater, one of the faithful pioneers of Box Elder county. For three years after his return from his mission he taught school. He has been a member of the County Board of Horticulture, Clerk of the Board of Education of Box Elder county, and County Superintendent of Schools, holding the distinction of being the first county superintendent to be appointed in that county under the consolidation of the schools. For four years past he has been a member of the Box Elder stake Sunday school board, and in 1907, when the Box Elder stake Sunday school superintendency was reorganized, he was made first assistant superintendent, and has now been released to fill his present call to preside over the Swiss-German mission. His varied experience will be of great value to him in his new responsible calling.



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